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The Pacific.

First Pure, then Peaceable; without Partiality and without Hypocrisy.

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TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

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SPOKES FROM THE "HUB."

Your correspondent at the Hub has usually reported the on-sayings Monday morning at Pilgrim Hall, from week to week, as showing the trend of thought at this center of religious influence, —in the minds of the leaders of our churches, on religious and semi-religious, moral and social themes. The Chairman of the Ministers' Association and the members of the Executive Committee are young men, and the subjects considered show that their aim has been to bring live and practical questions for discussion.

There are conventions and associations and alliances and clubs, numerous, of men and of women and of children that have their chief platforms, from which they proclaim their learning, in Boston, whose sayings and doings have relation in greater or less degree to the coming of the kingdom of heaven on earth. "God is in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself."

During last week the 24th annual encampment of the Grand Army of this State held a two-day session in our city, closing with a notable banquet in Faneuil Hall. The usual and attractive concomitant, the Women's Relief Corps, held contemporary sessions. The Butler Club gathered for its annual re-union and banquet, with one eye on its namesake, General Ben, and the other turned backward to the birthday and place of Abraham Lincoln, whose martyr death was the glorification of his life among men. During the same evening, youth and age gathered to witness the sixty-third annual exhibition of the Chauncy Hall school in Music Hall; while the Mystic Valley Club met at the American House for an after-dinner discussion of the question, "Should the Poll Tax Qualification for Suffrage be Abolished?"

During Wednesday and Thursday the National Christian Alliance was in convention at Park-street Church for the consideration of its important religious work among the rich and the poor who cast off fear and restrain prayer, and are without hope and without God in the world.

Wednesday there was a morning, afternoon and evening session of the Sunday-school Teacher's Convention. Among other topics considered, there were papers on "Missionary Work in the Sunday-school." A Gee Bow paper, regarding the work among Chinamen, "An Extra Penny a Day" plan urged, "How One Sunday-school Gained 1000 in Attendance in Three Months," and "Should Each Session of the Sunday-school be Followed by a Prayer-meeting?" Such a service, perhaps ten minutes long, it was thought, would be a profitable innovation. Let the Sunday-schools of the Pacific slope demonstrate its value, by inaugurating a precious fruit-gathering season. May THE PACIFIC make mention of blessed results. Every year after, say, 10 years of age, lessens the chances of a boy's being gathered to the joy and safety of the fold of the Good Shepherd.

The Total Abstinence Society met for the election of officers, and announced the twentieth anniversary, to be held February 24th.

The third annual banquet of the Market-men's Republican Club, membership 600, was indulged in at the Quincy House, with flags, flowers, music, and eight to ten distinguished speakers. President Thatcher stated that the 15 to 20 members at the organization, prompted by the great torchlight parade just before the last Presidential election, it was proposed to carry up to a solid thousand before 1892. He introduced as the first speaker our Lieutenant Governor, who proved to be "a hail fellow, well met" by prolonged applause, a good Congregationalist Republican who ought to be our next Governor.

The same evening, at the Vendome, the Unitarian Club discussed "The Duty of Unitarians"; one class of whom was named "the post-mortem Unitarian, who only wants to be buried by a Unitarian minister." The scribe fears the same could not be truthfully said of the denomination, for it has never been alive to earnest evangelistic work—in beseeching men in Christ's stead to be reconciled to God. M. J. Savage, who made a savage attack on Mr. Moody when he was here before, and once said he desired no mercy but the mercy of the law (!) was the chief speaker, and declared that science teaches not the fall, but the ascent of man. Yet he has often deprecated what Biblical Christians—and there are no others—discern as the terrible fruits of "the fall," his own contradictions and inconsistencies of statement included. He proclaimed "a new universe, a new God, a new man, a new salvation." Dr. Kirk, of sainted memory, used to teach his hearers, the writer among them, that the "new man" is saved already. Then, again, why does man, ever on the "ascent," need "salvation," except prospectively in anticipation of a "fall"? What right have men with such opinions to call themselves Christians?

Not so much so as the devout Cornelius before he heard of the Saviour. There are devout Jews, devout scientists, devout heathen and devout Christians. The latter are disciples of Christ, "who is made unto us wisdom from God, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption."

Notwithstanding Mr. Savage's antecedent tirades on creeds, he said, in his club address: "There isn't a sensible man who doesn't have a creed. Man is either totally fallen or not at all. Religion is life. Science can only teach us the way."

Mr. Huxley, in his famous New York lectures of a few years ago, some will remember, after trying to account for the beginning of the evolution of things, and failing, like a wise man said, "I give it up." He claimed that the process may be illustrated by the incubation of eggs. Very well, Mr. Huxley, we accept the illustration. The natural process for the hatching of an egg is that the living parent shall brood over it until it is shelled out; reminding us that the Spirit of God moved upon the deep when the earth was without form. It may be said that in these days eggs can be incubated by artificial means. Yes, we reply, but you can't make an artificial egg that will hatch! And that's just the trouble of the scientists, who learn what they can about God's ways and "laws" in nature, and call it science, with which some, it seems, would dethrone the Creator. "Lo! these are parts of his ways."

The annual supper of the Shoe and Leather League, that seeks to provide liberally for the *soles* of the people, was also enjoyed on Wednesday evening, with speeches, solos and quibbles. Hon. George Fred Williams, speaking of duties, said that it has been the principle study of the boot and shoe industry to protect itself against protection. Rev. H. Price Collier came on from Brooklyn, N. Y., to address the club for the second time, and closed his facetious speech with—

"My good sword cleaves the helms of men,
My tough lance thrusteth sure,
My strength is as the strength of ten,
Because my heart is pure."

A Friday evening paper presented a clam-ity with a rhythmic ending—

"Then hurrah for the clam! If I am all behave
As well as this worthy shellfish,
We, ladies and gentlemen, girls and boys,
Shall never be proud and selfish!
He smokes not, nor chews a poisonous weed,
Nor injures himself with gastronomic greed;
All laws he obeys, his mission he fills,
And thus he escapes the prodigal's ills."

The inference of this spokeship, that the Secretary of the United States Treasury did not use tobacco, seems to have been erroneous. So much the worse for the Secretary, for his example and for the nation. What mother will advise her boy to follow his weed-y example? What father will say, "My son, go thou and do like unwisely?"

If all writers of rhymes would study versification, and learn the difference between an iambus and a trochee, an anapaest and a dactyl, between a spondee and an amphibrach, we should see less "poetry" lame in the "feet," limping through all the daily and weekly press. Sometimes fine poetic sentiment is expressed in a series of stanzas apparently imagined to be all after the same pattern, with no two verses alike in rhythmic construction. To sing them would require, as a tune, long, short, round, flat, common and particular meter combined, with the hallelujah element left out.

Mr. Moody is kindling religious campfires all about the city, with a blaze in the center at 12 o'clock. Last Friday was a notable day at Tremont Temple, when Mr. Moody gave the hour to Mr. Woolley, with 200 drinking men from the Union Rescue Mission immediately in front of him, while he told with great pathos and effectiveness the story of his prodigal, intemperate life, the thrilling death-bed interview with his mother, pleading with her last breath with and for her son, and his subsequent return to his Father's house, when he knew he was saved. The eyes of many gray heads even were fountains of flowing tears. The writer set out with the intention of giving in this letter a synopsis of the doings of two weeks, but because of the length of this he must postpone a report of Dr. Lyman Abbott's address of Monday morning of this week, and of the convention called to form a State Sabbath Union, and notes of other important matters.

BOSTON, Feb. 19th. BORAX.

Fruit-growers in Southwest Georgia expect an abundant fruit crop this year. Thousands of acres about Marshallville and Fort Valley have been put out in orchards, and the yield of peaches, pears and plums will be enormous if the seasons are propitious.

During 1890 Colorado mines produced \$29,881,334, divided as follows: Silver, \$20,259,900; gold, \$4,512,136; lead, \$5, 749,852; copper, \$359,400.

DEATH VALLEY.

BY REV. J. W. BRIER, JR.

Touris Pass was named in honor of one of our immediate party—a true gentleman—

"Framed in the prodigality of nature," And held by all who survive him in affectionate remembrance. Alas! for the event of his death, that he fell so soon, and under the hands of savages! But the Pass remains, and the lofty peak rising above it, which, I am persuaded, also bore his name. It is now Telescope mountain, a name that awaits confirmation by the establishment of an observatory. I cannot pretend to a practical knowledge of such matters, but I should presume much in favor of an atmosphere so pure and clear that through it the stars seem to hang just over the world. Little recks Captain Touris by what names the generations of men may be pleased to know their fancied discoveries. Why should he be remembered? A living score of his companions are not even suspected of having been numbered with those mythical beings who so miserably perished in the Valley of Death. What will it signify, after our short decade, if the men who journeyed without a trail be all and altogether forgotten? What if a new race of discoverers shall come, walking in the beaten paths, drinking from the well-known fountains, and calling familiar landmarks by unfamiliar names! I recall, here, our first vision of the Sierras—an amazing revelation lifted up before us, as we emerged from the narrow and difficult sinuosities of Touris Pass. We saw, enraptured—

The splendor of the aureate fire
That burned on minaret and spire,
Empurpled with many shades
Mt. Whitney's walls and granite glades.

The name of Whitney derives a sort of monumental grandeur from that imposing elevation, upon which a conviction of merit or a partial favor has bestowed it; but that name, according to a mood of wanton fortune, is also inseparable from the fraudulent skull of Angel's Camp.

Reader, acquainted with the desert by that mysterious tie that binds the Arab—yea, and his beast; that ship whose voyages are swift and sure, until he is floated upon the dock for repairs, condemned as no longer seaworthy, or, at the worst, stranded by a cyclone midway the trackless waste, his ribs broken and his cargo lost! Your meadowy landscapes and your flower-scented hills; your dells, made vocal by the songs of birds and the music of wimpling waters; your high, resounding shores, and all your groves and gardens, must yield, for serpent witchery, to the desert. Here is a charm that winds into the longest life, and prevails over detestation itself; nor is it broken because the victim has made sure his escape from constrictive toils and deadly peril.

In these later years I have found a borderland, where streams, ice-cold and crystal-clear, issue from the seams and fissures, or leap from the granite walls of the Sierras; a land of springs, with border of cane-brake, the effluents widely margined with ling. The course of Owen's river was marked by a meadow of native grass; but, for the rest, it was chiefly desert, redeemed at intervals by the simple potency of water. On either side of the valley, for a distance of four-score miles, the water-spouts had piled enormous masses of debris; but these were more suggestive where, to the east, the White Mountains rose abruptly from the sterile plain, reaching an altitude of ten thousand feet. Here I found the pioneer, living along the foam line, the extreme margin of the desert's rippling tides.

The Inyo man told me he would not exchange his heritage for the western slope, with its moist breath of the sea, and all its wealth of fruits and flowers. This is cool, deliberate choice with the white man; and the Indian it is passion. He, indeed, is found with distinctive peculiarities, all the way from Tehachipa to the Simpanute. He makes his summer home among the mountains, far above the desert winds, where the silent springs are sufficient for his slender wants. In the season of greatest clamency he roams over the wide plains, among forests of sage and cactus. He is as much a child of the desert as the dark Arab who pitches his tent in the oases of a desert more renowned.

I have traversed more forbidding deserts than that of Death Valley. That remarkable locality did not appal—did not awaken our fears, as might have been expected. Perhaps it was because we had so pleasantly sojourned at the springs, in part, and because we anticipated our speedy advent to the marches of Owen's lake. We did not know that our former comrades had been rendered up their lives. It had not been revealed to us that we should soon bid adieu forever to two of our companions, whom the savage wilderness had marked for its own; that another should fall where the

Mojave Desert breaks like a sea foaming on the margin of the promised land; that a fourth should be carried into hateful captivity, condemned to fourteen years of slavery in those desolate regions where we had been so long entailed. On the other hand, we were already reduced to partial famine, and journeyed without bread. Each day left us in a more distressful situation—weaker in body and mind, with diminished resources and intermittent zeal. Death Valley was indeed a horror; Panamint was a place of torment; and our wretchedness culminated the morning after a setting sun had lit up with preternatural, delusive splendors the slimy surface of Borax lake.

There was nothing new or strange, however, in all this. We had long been on terms of intimacy with rocks and sterile sands. An indefinite expanse of sand, whithersoever the exploring eye may turn; sand, nourishing only sage, grease-wood, cactus and dagger palms; such a waste, swept by chilling, brumal winds and summer siroccos, and storms of prodigious velocity—is, indeed, terrible in its passionate moods, and, at all times, possessed of real or imaginary terrors.

Death Valley is not more than two leagues in width below the waist; above it expands to a score of miles, and I presume it is not far from sixty miles in length. The Amargosa enters the valley at the south, and is lost in a Dead Sea, whose approaches are uninviting in the extreme. The Amargosa, if it be a river, must flow beneath the sand until it disemboagues, for when we crossed its channel we saw no indication of a periodic flow, though it was mid-winter; it did not seem to be even a wady. The wider part of the Death Valley is composed of sand; and, as I remember, was without garniture of shrub or tree. In its middle noches, however, it is amply clothed with such vegetation as deserts are able to bring forth. It is about three hundred feet below the sea level, and is so confined by steep and lofty ramparts, especially on the west, that it seems to be more straitened than it really is.

Such a valley on the Western slope would attract no attention, if divested of its hideous features. Let us reflect, however, that it lies north and south, subjected to wind torrents of great violence, ranging from Boreal cold to the scorching heat of tropic noons; that it has no soil; that it is divided between sand-dunes, sage thickets and dismal swamps, fed by rivulets issuing from vast saliferous deposits, perhaps under Funeral Mountain itself; that potable waters are found only at wide intervals, and that its summer climate is so charged with evaporating power as to be almost unendurable.

The valley of the Jordan is more profoundly depressed, but its fall, from the Galilean Lake to the Dead Sea, is nearly seven hundred feet. It is separated from the Mediterranean by a maritime plain whose average height will not exceed fifteen hundred feet, and whose average width is hardly a dozen leagues. Death Valley is more than two hundred miles from the ocean; and, after the Coast Range, with its numerous longitudinal valleys, two deserts remain to be crossed, with their intervening barriers; these by the nearest way. Palestine is comparatively treeless, or, with her snowy Lebanon on the north, she could bid defiance to the deserts, east and south. Death Valley is shut in by Sahara on every side. From Joppa to Jerusalem the way is open, and the brief journey may be performed with celerity and ease; thence to the scene of John's baptismal labors, the distance will hardly exercise a modern pedestrian until the third hour of the day. From any point within habitable bounds it will prove a task of difficulty, and may easily become a task of peril to reach Death Valley. You may go by the south; you may retrace our steps, by the way of Mojave station, Indian Wells, Providence Springs and Panamint; or, you may prefer Walker's Pass, Darwin and Wild Rose. Wade, of our company, went out by the south; Bennett chose the middle trail, and from Panamint, Town, Maston and others left us for a northerly, and possibly a more expeditious, way. If you ever get there, look for the prints of those feet that earliest broke the incrustated soil. While passing over the stony-hearted mountains, lamenting that they are almost without arterial flow, think of the hollow, hungry eyes that searched them so long ago for a way of escape. If you should chance to find the bones of our hapless mates, do not begrudge a tear for their misfortunes and the melancholy circumstances and prematurity of their death.

Our Methodist brethren all over the land well observed on last Sabbath the one-hundredth anniversary of the death of John Wesley, the noble founder of that great denomination.

In Great Britain 190 cities tax themselves for public libraries.

Woman's Board of the Pacific.

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All contributions for the Young Ladies' Branch of the Woman's Board should be sent to Miss Grace E. Goodhue, Treasurer Y. L. B. W. B., 1722 Geary street, S. F.

LETTER FROM AFRICA.

[Continued.]

The brighter side of missionary work in Natal was set forth in a very cheering light at the Annual Native Meeting held at Lindley last July. People came to it from far and near. Some traveled a hundred miles on foot to be present. The attendance was between four and five hundred. They had meetings from early morning until night. The missionaries are inclined to think the natives overdo in the matter of dress on such occasions, making a little too much display of finery. Many and bright were the colors displayed by the young people. Yet, taken individually, many showed very good taste. Here and there, of course, we noticed extravagant and grotesque combinations. But I have noticed the same thing in civilized lands. On the whole, considering what they had been and how little they have seen, I thought it wonderful, and would, moreover, rather see an overdressed native than the other extreme. Extremes meet here, but it is extreme simplicity of attire we see most frequently. To me that gathering was the most encouraging sight I have yet seen. The native men did most of the talking, which was chiefly preaching. We have some very fine preachers among the natives. Every day began with a sunrise prayer-meeting. There was a large attendance even at that hour. Among the native preachers who spoke was a blind man. We have two blind preachers, I believe. One evening was given to a concert gotten up by the young people, under the leadership of a young native, a teacher in one of the station schools. It was very enjoyable and certainly very creditable. A chorus of young people, the girls all dressed in white, occupied the platform. The programme consisted of songs, duets, choruses and recitations. They sang several pieces from the Gospel choir. "The Song of the Soldier" was one of them. "The Lardboard Watch" and "The Bridge," were also sung and rendered well. I was particularly pleased with the voice of the girl who sang "The Bridge." I understand they had no help from the missionaries in getting ready for the concert. Music is the one thing these people thoroughly enjoy. They learn the sol-fa notation very readily. Hymn books in that notation sent to any of the schools in the Mission—Umsambi. Home is perhaps the most needy at present—would be very welcome, and do much to spread the Gospel of the kingdom. English is no objection in the schools. We came down here immediately after the native meeting. We traveled a small part of the way by rail, as far as a place called Isipings. The rest of the way, seventy-six miles, I put in on horseback. This is, probably, not our permanent work. Miss Houseman was obliged to give up, and we were requested to take the place for a term. She expects to return soon to America. Now her assistant, Miss Welch, has decided to take unto herself a husband and cannot stay; and as we know of no others ready to come in, it is likely we may stay here a little while longer. It is an out-of-the-way place, and might be considered lonely. Our nearest white neighbors, except the Bridgmans, are several miles away. But we find plenty to do, and the Bridgmans are very good company. Mr. and Mrs. Bridgman have had the station about thirty years. Their daughter, Miss Amy, graduated from Oberlin and came out a few months before we did, and has taken up kindergarten work. She was born here, and has the advantage of having learned the language as a child. We have plenty to do. Time flies too fast for loneliness to come in. As far as white neighbors are concerned we are just as well pleased to have them at a distance. Colonial civilization does not savor much of the Gospel. The environment of a white population is not necessarily a Christian environment, making for righteousness. The character of a native girl who goes to Durban to work for the white families there is lost. She may maintain her purity, but will find it hard to make the natives believe her. So it comes about that few girls are employed in the city; respectable people prefer the boys or coolies from India. I sometimes think that work in the interior is far more hope-

ful than work on the coast. The colonist finds the raw native more serviceable than the station native. The reason may largely be that the former is not burdened with an awakened conscience, and so may be used in ways the other could not be. They charge us on every hand with "spoiling" the poor people. We began to hear these charges on the steamer from England. That they should speak of us to the natives in terms of contempt, and endeavor to poison his mind against us, is to be expected.

Last week I borrowed Mr. Bridgman's magic lantern and gave the school girls a little entertainment. Anything of that sort they appreciate very much. I have been very sorry I did not bring one out with me, when I might have made my own selection of views. So much instruction as well as amusement can be given with the aid of a lantern!

It is just about time for me to mail this, if you are to have it this week; so I will close with very kindest regards to all who may inquire for me. I do not forget my California friends and trust they do not forget me in my far-away home. You can tell them that we have a few big things here occasionally. The girls brought a sweet potato from the garden the other day a foot long, and weighing exactly six pounds. When I see a big thing like that I think at once of California. We are well here, and trust this will find you the same. Very sincerely,
JAMES C. DORWARD.

ABOUT "DEATH VALLEY" TRAVELERS.

EDITORS PACIFIC: Having read the articles in THE PACIFIC written by Rev. J. W. Brier, Jr., on "Death Valley," I noticed in one published in THE PACIFIC of February 11th special mention of Savage and Pinney. I became acquainted with Algernon Pinney in Waukon, Iowa, in the winter of 1856-57, and heard him relate his experiences after he and Savage left the party because of their improvidence in the use of the little provisions allotted to each. Pinney foresaw that the time would soon come when hunger would impel some to resort to robbery, or even murder, to appease its fearful gnawings. He and his companion were reduced to a spoonful or two of flour in water, twice or three times a day, as their only nourishment for days, and that finally failed. Pinney had a gun and some ammunition, yet no game was found, and even had he found it, he was too weak and blind to have killed it. Pinney, being a man of large frame and indomitable energy, supported Savage, and kept him with him until they came to the foot of a mountain. By this time he, too, was getting extremely weak and almost blind. Savage gave out and Pinney left him, hoping to find something to sustain life, and soon after came to the shore of a lake, upon which was a flock of ducks. He fired toward them, but, in his weak and blind state, failed to get any; but the firing of the gun was the means of the Indians discovering them. They were both taken to their camp and fed by the chief, who placed one on either side of him; when a roasted horse-head was brought in. This he cut in small pieces, passing to each a piece in turn, until their hunger was partially satisfied; then again, after a lapse of time, giving them more, so that no injurious effects were felt. Pinney often used to say, when one's taste of food was mentioned, that at that time he considered roasted horse-head the sweetest meat he ever tasted. They remained with these friendly Indians until they were fully recuperated, and then they were sent on their way, loaded down with provisions, such as they had to give. I bade Mr. Pinney good-bye June 1, 1857, and have not heard from him since about the year 1859. He was then a licensed Methodist exhorter, going out into the settlements and preaching the gospel of Christ, with the same fixedness of purpose displayed when he suffered so intensely on his trip through "Death Valley," in the long ago. Mr. Pinney kept a journal which I had the privilege of reading, and could it have been edited by some one competent to do so, and published, would have been interesting reading. Nature had done much for Mr. Pinney, physically and mentally; what he lacked was a thorough education, to have made him a leader of men. A. F. Grow.

EAGLE HARBOR, Wash.

Rev. Dr. W. W. Faris of Anna, Ill., has removed to this city under an engagement of co-editorship of the *Occident*. Its editors now are Rev. Drs. A. W. Nesbit and W. W. Faris. Dr. Faris was editor of the *Anna Talk*, a weekly paper; also principal of the Union Academy at Anna, and pastor of the Presbyterian church in that place for the last eight years. He is said to be "bold, aggressive and ready," "energetic, persistent and trustful." As such we welcome him to the corps of religious editors in this city, and bid him God speed.

Missy' S. S. Work.

This department is opened and conducted in the interest of our Pacific Coast Sunday-Schools. A letter or article from some one of our District Superintendents will appear each week. An invitation is also extended to pastors, Sunday-School superintendents, or others, to contribute any articles or items of interest to this column.

C. S. S. & P. S. DIRECTORY.
District Superintendents—Rev. H. P. Case, Los Angeles, Box 184; (So. Cal.) Rev. Samuel Greene, 2304 Fourth Street, Seattle, Washington; Rev. W. S. Bell, Helena, Mont.; Rev. Loyal L. Wirt, 757 Market Street, San Francisco (Central and North); Cal.: Rev. Chas. H. Curtis, Portland, Ore.; Rev. R. A. Rowley, Edmonds, Rev. E. J. Singer, Spokane Falls, Wash.

THE LITTLE COUNTRY SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

"What good does it do, one hour in one day out of seven, or fourteen, or twenty-one days?" Teach them doctrine, and they carry away only what they will later cast aside as untrue. You don't have them long enough to give them any adequate conception of the truth.

The speaker, himself a Sunday-school worker, had cause for discouragement. He had seen the young people sit whispering through the session, content to read the lesson from the leaf. He had seen them come thus, Sunday after Sunday, with no other impelling force than the laudable desire to "go somewhere." He ought, perhaps, to have realized that they came because it was right to come. Their parents had brought them up to come. This only gave them a Pharisaic idea of the virtue of simple attendance. There was nothing to learn, no good to be gained; but they proved themselves moral young folks, and had a good time with other young folks, brought there by similar motives.

The girls that were not young ladies were only a trifle less trying. They had nice little visits, too; were never known to remember the subject of the previous week's lesson, and excused an unanswered question with, "I wasn't here last Sunday."

The little ones had not become so hardened in habits of inattention that they could not be interested, but were very irregular in attendance.

Why did not some one wake up such a school, introduce some general exercises, give them questions and talks?

It was useless to fire even most interesting questions and remarks at the children when the teachers stood ready to catch all the shots, and relieve their pupils from the responsibility of answering.

"In short, the school was fossilizing. It is the effect of insulation. The members of the school are not in sympathy, or even in friendly connection with the schools outside," so says some one.

At length, one of the teachers was privileged to attend the Convention at which the Sunday-schools of the State were to exchange plans and ideas. Surely, some way of the many suggested would improve the poor little country Sunday-school.

The Convention was inspiring—so many earnest men and women engaged in the work; so much to be done in the great cities; so much already done. The large attendance rolls, the perfected system in the important city schools, were a revelation. Ways of increasing the attendance, of farther systematizing the work, were discussed; but all the plans were for the city schools. They did not take into account the distance that the pupils must come; the fact that pupils must often stay away because of the lack of horse or driver; the fact that the pupils did not expect to come regularly.

The country mouse listened to all, enjoyed all, entered into the spirit of all, but with a feeling that these delightful plans, like library dictionaries, could not be used at home. And the country mouse felt lonely, for there seemed to be no other country mice present. Where were the country Sunday-schools? Why were they not represented? No mention of them was made. Sunday-school meant, it was taken for granted, city Sunday-school. Then the mouse thought regretfully of all the country Sunday-schools struggling along, of the impetus they might receive from this grand interchange of thought.

Let the country mouse and the city mouse become acquainted with each other's trials and needs and successes.

At our next State Sunday-school Convention, which meets at Santa Rosa in May, or June, let the country Sunday-schools be represented. Let them ask for the discussion of their own needs. It will be gladly given. Suggest this in your school while there is time to consider it.

ADAH F. BATELLE.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSON, MARCH 15.

II KINGS V: 15-27.

Gehazi Punished.

BY REV. M. WILLETT.

Golden Text.—"Be sure your sin will find you out." (Numbers xxxii: 23.)

LESSONS.

1. *Gratitude illustrated.* Naaman must have journeyed at least thirty miles, and extended the time of his absence from home by at least three days, in order to stand before the prophet through whom he had been restored to health. He was not satisfied to simply stand before Elijah in way of respectful honor, but he pays his homage as well to Elijah's God in the asseveration, "Now I know that there is no God in all the earth but in Israel." He seals his sincerity by proffering a gift. All this reveals the true man. It must ever be the sign of a caloused heart to receive favors without recognition. If the leprosy of the body justified in its removal such acknowledgments, what must not the leprosy of sin?

2. *Financial considerations must never*

be allowed to lessen the influence of the gospel. When Elijah refused to accept the proffered gift it was with the saying, "As the Lord liveth, before whom I stand." This expression showed that it was for a religious reason that he refused. The labourer is worthy of his hire. The prophets were in the habit of receiving presents from those who consulted them. (I Sam. ix: 7, 8, and I Kings xiv: 3.) Indeed there are indications in II Kings viii: 7-10, that Elisha himself, upon another occasion, received a very expensive present. Under these present conditions, however, Naaman must be made to feel that the prophet of the true God was not actuated by a motive of self-interest. He must be impressed with the great truth that the gift of God cannot be purchased with money. There are times when, for the sake of Christ and the Church, men should decline a recompense which under other conditions would be perfectly justifiable.

3. *A tender conscience and a question of conscience.* Naaman was going back with a new religious life. He would carry with him two mules' burden of earth, and erect an altar of this earth to the true and only God in his country of Syria. He would offer sacrifices to no other God, and thus would publicly proclaim his faith in the God of Israel. At the same time, he did not wish to offend his earthly king, either by refusing to enter the temple of Rimmon, or by remaining erect when the king bowed down and worshiped the god. His conscience was tender enough and his new convictions were strong enough to assure him that this was not just right, and he appealed to the prophet in the hope of obtaining from him an assurance that his course would be pardoned. We must remember that the words had not yet been spoken, "Whosoever denyeth me before men, the same will I deny before my Father which is in heaven." We must remember that we have no assurance that Elisha was under God's guidance in his answer. He told him to go in peace. It may be that Elisha was too tender-hearted, and that Elijah would have given a different response. It may be in this answer that Elisha only declined the office of Judge, and left the new convert to his own conscience, convinced that he would be led into the right course. We can approve the tender conscience without stint, and we can boldly demand that the tender conscience of to-day shall solve its questions of casuistry in the light of the gospel.

4. *The love of money a root of all evil.* There is but little that covetousness cannot master. In Gehazi it convinced the servant that the master's scrupulosity was mere foolish sentiment. What was the glory of Jehovah in the freeness of his gifts compared to the chink of gold? What was the reputation of Elisha for stability of character when weighed against the purchasing power of money? Gehazi proves a very facile liar. It must be that he had been practicing before. Covetousness not only made him a liar, but a smooth, plausible hypocrite. He went in and stood before his master, as if those two talents of silver and two changes of raiment were in some other house than his own.

5. *Sin is blind, but God is not.* "Went not mine heart with thee?" Elisha had seen the whole transaction as though he had been present. We live in a glass case. All things are open before Him with whom we have to do. "It would be well for all liars like Ananias and Gehazi to remember a remark once made by a little boy to his father, who was meditating a theft of potatoes out of a field. The father looked east, west, north and south, and seeing no one, began to pull up the roots. 'Father,' said the lad, 'there is one way you forgot to look.' 'Where?' asked the alarmed man. 'Up, father.'"

6. *The possible successor of a prophet becomes a great warning.* What a career had been opened up before Gehazi? He was in the line of succession to a great work. We can not assert that he would certainly have followed Elisha, as Elisha had followed Elijah, but so it looks. Intimate fellowship with godliness and unselfishness could not change him, however. He is another edition, an earlier one of Judas. The vision of oliveyards and vineyards, and sheep and oxen, and menservants and maidenservants, had eclipsed the worth of the kingdom. His punishment was great, as were his sin and his opportunities. The leprosy of Naaman clung to him. He became a warning instead of a warning voice.

REMEMBERED BY HIS SINS.
When, in 1812, Governor Elbridge Gerry of Massachusetts, signed the bill dividing that State into fantastically-shaped senatorial districts, so as to enable the Democratic party to retain control of the Legislature, he by accident performed one of those acts which sometimes give a man more fame than a lifetime of well-directed effort usually brings. Mr. Gerry sat in the Continental Congress, his name can be read on the Declaration of Independence, and he was a member of the convention that framed the Constitution of the United States. The offices he filled were conspicuous and honorable. He was minister to France, governor of Massachusetts, and he died while holding the office of Vice-president of the United States; but notwithstanding all these honors and his undoubted ability as a statesman, he would be almost unknown to the present generation were it not for the least creditable act of his career.

Forum.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR.

Prayer-Meeting Topic for Week Beginning March 15, 1891.

BY REV. DR. W. D. WILLIAMS.

Subject.—Speak truly. (Phil. iv: 1-9.)
Truth and genuineness are characteristic of the true Christian. Discipleship to truth is the boast of the true believer. In proportion as a man uses his power of choosing to choose the true, will his life be genuine and free and noble. To choose the false is to deteriorate and to become enslaved. Obedience to the false leads on to death. Obedience to the true leads on to life. The captain must steer his vessel according to approved charts and established laws of navigation. Human beings must live and move according to approved moral precepts and natural laws. Should the captain ignore charts and disregard established laws, and enthrone his own imaginations as supreme, his vessel would soon be dashed to pieces on the rocks, or would be overwhelmed by the waves. And what would we think of a man who should say, "Birds are able to move in the air; why should not I? Fishes live beneath the water; why should not I?" The moral and spiritual realm has its laws. Truth, genuineness, veracity, are among them. To ignore them is to be enslaved. To trespass upon them is to be a blind Samson in the camp of the Philistines. To attempt to destroy them is to perish.

The hypocrite thinks he is not known! The drunkard boasts of his liberty. The debauchee says, "I will do as I like." The defaulter believes he will not be found out. The deceiver is allured to the vain imagination that his deception cannot be discovered. There is little chance for escape from moral law, and there is less from conscience. Life can never be self-poised. If we attempt to flee from a compassionate Master above us, it will only be to fall into the power of a malignant master beneath us. (II Cor. i: 22; Ps. xxxiv: 13; Gal. v: 13.)

A true Christian abhors crookedness. He is as Nathanael, in whom was no guile. Some men are always playing a double part. They even deceive themselves by their constant practices of being untrue to others. They even think they deceive God. They develop an insincere life. They did not resolutely set out to be false, but, without realizing it, they have fallen into habits of insincerity. They are following a Benjamin Franklin policy of refined cunning.

"Thou must thyself be true
If thou the truth would'st teach."
(I Tim. vi: 11; John iv: 24; Prov. xiv: 25.)

Plato said that when Socrates was taken to prison the prison ceased. In a plain and technical way Socrates was incarcerated; but, in a true and manly way, being true to himself and true to the world, he was a free man, possessed with the moral power that he was right. It may not be ours to be eminent, like Socrates, for wisdom and patience; but like him we may be true. It may not be ours to be subtle, and learned, and logical, but we may be noble, and accurate and pure. (Heb. x: 22; Prov. xii: 22; Job. xxxiv: 4, 5.)

Right and wrong are immutable. They are of God's essence uncreate, without beginning and without end. Moral responsibility is as much a part of normal manhood as vision or speech is. We have an irresistible tendency to approve and to disapprove. Actions are the exponent of our inner selves. We want to be right and true within, without. Achilles was dipped in the waters of the Styx, all but the heel, by which his mother held him, and it was there that he received his fatal wound. The true Christian must strike down every degrading lust, every semblance of sin. There must not be one vulnerable spot on the true man. The apple that is rotten at the core will sooner or later show specks on the rind.

"Thy power and glory work within,
And break the chains of reigning sin;
Do our imperious lusts subdue,
And form our wretched hearts anew."
(Acts xxiv: 16; Matt. xxii: 16; II Cor. vi: 3-8.)

PLYMOUTH CHURCH, S. F.

YEARLY REPORT OF PLYMOUTH CHURCH OF "KING'S DAUGHTERS."

"Lend a hand, who'er may need it;
Look not backward, downward, in;
Always outward, forward, upward,
Hearts to cheer and souls to win."
Plymouth Circle of King's Daughters, who this evening welcome you to their fourth anniversary, has endeavored to follow this motto of our order. Another year has passed, freighted with many hopes and pleasures, deepened with a few cares and hallowed by sacred sorrow.

Our circle of "Ten" is still unbroken, though we mourn (as daughters should) the loss of an honorary member and beloved mother, now resting with our little silver cross, and knot of purple ribbon on her breast.

On each anniversary we have been glad to know that we are doing more all the time, and this year's report shows how interested our members have been, and how willingly we have done our "little."

The Children's Hospital (our former field of labor) having abundant help, we have been "lending a hand" elsewhere, and have worked for the Infants' Shelter of this city, the Orphans' Home of Vallejo, and various poor families and individuals that have come to our notice. We have wondered—

"Poverty, why wast thou born
In the world's earliest morn?
Why hast thou lived all these years,
Sowing thy pains and thy tears?"

Unless, it may be, to keep our hearts warm, and our thoughts tender, not only to each other, but to the great tide of humanity.

This year we have held thirty-eight meetings, the average attendance being seven. The donations of clothing, food, etc., have been as follows—Little Infants' Shelter, 72 garments; Children's Hospital, 9 garments; Orphans' Home, Vallejo, 65 garments; Marine Hospital, \$5.00. Individual Cases—(a) Thanksgiving dinner, 34 garments, \$4.50 provisions, 6 sheets, 4 pillow cases, 1 comforter, wood; (b) Box sent to Pajaro, Cal., containing 57 garments, box of toys; and bundle of papers; (c) \$5.80 to men's stove, and 16 garments; (d) 8 garments; (e) 17 garments; (f) 4 poor individuals, 21 garments. Making a total of 310 garments distributed during the year. The cash account is as follows—

Brought forward from 1889.....	\$26 00
Received from dues.....	50 25
Received from donations.....	1 00
Total for the year.....	\$77 25
Expenses amount to.....	43 15

Balance in treasury.....\$34 10
For the many donations of clothing we have received we thank our friends most sincerely, and you may be sure it has been a great saving in our expenses. (The Orphans' Home donated all material for the work we did for them.) While remembering that he was wise, "who mixed reason with pleasure and wisdom with mirth," we have had many good times. We have had three social parties and one or two picnics, which were the source of a great amount of pleasure. But our one grand, good time of the year was the two weeks spent together at our dear President's summer home in the Santa Cruz mountains. I think that we thought that Byron never wrote anything more true than—

"There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore"

It would take a long time to tell of the lovely walks and drives and moonlight nights, when we sat out on the porch and sang over all the songs we knew, and last, but not least, devoured the delicious candy our brothers sent us from the city.

So now we are ready to enter upon our fifth year, with stronger love and faith in each other, and more harmony and interest in our work, feeling that—

"In his name shall be the watchword,
Whatever you may give or do,
And reward that waits each service
He, the King, will give to you."

President, Nellie H. Cole; Secretary and Treasurer, Mae E. Hulme, Plymouth Circle King's Daughters. HULME.
Jan. 28, 1891.

LOOKING FOR A SPECIAL BLESSING.

In order that a man may be heartily glad when the call comes to go into the house of the Lord, he should cultivate a personal interest in the service. It is quite a common thing for an honest man to go to his place of work or trade six days in every week with a lively interest and a joyous anticipation stamped upon his face. He is happy in the prospect of a day of activity, and his countenance shows that he is happy. In a somewhat similar way—that is, by regarding the Lord's house as a place of spiritual activity, a place for personal participation in praise and prayer—the attendance on Sabbath services may become such a delight to the soul as to make one's thought of duty quite subordinate to his intense appreciation of the privilege of worship. He will do the right thing in respect to church-going, because he loves to do it; because it affords him a positive, personal, spiritual pleasure. Being in that frame of mind which will prompt him to silent prayer as he sits in his pew, and to enthusiastic singing when he rises with the congregation, he will be the better prepared to take to him on high when God shall "speak peace unto his people." Sabbath church-going ought to be more than a form or custom with Christians. It ought to be practiced as a precious feature of one's life, as a means of soul profit and spiritual enrichment. Unlike the secular search after profit, no man is enriched spiritually at another man's expense. In the Church of God the benefits are equally open to all aspiring souls, and the edification and enrichments of one tends directly to the spiritual profit of the entire brotherhood. Every time we go to church we ought to go there in search of a special blessing, and make personal efforts to obtain it.—The Interior.

WESLEY'S TESTIMONY TO ENTIRE SANCTIFICATION.—"Many years since, I saw that, 'without holiness no man shall see the Lord.' I began by following after it, and inciting all with whom I had any intercourse to do the same. Ten years after, God gave me a clearer view than I had before of the way how to attain it; namely, by faith in the Son of God. And immediately I declared to all, 'We are saved from sin, we are made holy by faith.' This I testified in private, in public, in print; and God confirmed it by a thousand witnesses. I have continued to declare this for about thirty years, and God has continued to confirm the word of Grace." If all ministers who pretend to follow Wesley in the non profession of holiness would imitate him in the matter last named, he would be quite satisfied.—Christian Standard.

Professor Shaw of the Guelph Agricultural College calculates that Canadian farmers will suffer by the McKinley tariff to the extent of \$600,000 on the egg trade and \$1,800,000 on barley. Professor Shaw has not much faith in the English market.

PASTORAL PREROGATIVE.

(Two years ago the Legislature of Massachusetts enacted a law by which a Congregational church could become a corporation, and take the place of the ecclesiastical society that held the title to the church property, and attended to all matters of managing the same; contracted liabilities, and paid the bills for maintaining the services for the church. Last year the Legislature of Connecticut enacted a similar law. The following, from the *Congregationalist* of February 4th, will apply to all churches that are loyal corporations.)

Whether a pastor, in the absence of rules, presides at business meetings of the church *ex officio*, and whether a church can even by rule provide for electing some other member to preside, are questions frequently put, and particularly in the case of incorporated churches. Our own opinion is clear. To be moderator at business meetings we do not believe to be a pastor's prerogative. In an incorporated church, especially, there are extended business transactions, which were formerly the work of the parish, and certainly no pastor was ever *ex officio* the moderator of a parish meeting. We have indeed indisputable authority that in Massachusetts a pastor cannot claim the chair *ex officio* at a business meeting of an incorporated church; and by "business" meeting is meant any meeting other than that for religious worship, instruction or exercises. Nor in any church does it seem reasonable that the pastoral office should mean a business moderatorship.

It is, of course, true that the pastor conducts all religious meetings of the church, and in a certain sense presides at those meetings. This is his right and duty. There is also a certain kind of business, such as receiving persons into the church, which is his as pastor. It is wise, also, to provide by rule that he preside, for convenience' sake, when such business is transacted as voting to receive or dismiss members, or choose delegates, and the like, which business may properly be done by rule at stated religious meetings; but even this should be subject to the right of the church to elect a moderator at any time. Beyond such simple matters, which can easily be defined, we hold that it is wise for the church to provide by rule for the election of moderator at every business meeting, and we are strongly of the belief that this does not interfere with any right conception of the pastoral office. A Congregational church has the inherent right to elect at any time its business presiding officer, but it is certainly wise that the church provide for such elections by a distinct rule. One of the new churches in Boston has such a rule, even requiring a ballot, urged upon it by its temporary pastor. It is the part of sound judgment for the pastor to keep to his religious work, claim no such petty dignity, and let the church control its business meetings. We know that some large churches have the rule which we suggest.

Such a rule has obvious advantages. We have known a pastor to preside and count the ballots on the question whether the church wished him to resign. This was extreme, but on the prerogative theory he claimed the right to do it. Even such a case can be paralleled. There are delicate questions less rude than this when the pastor ought not to be in the chair. But even when there are none such the pastor (if a member of the church) should have the right to participate in business discussions, and this he cannot possibly do while in the chair, or, if he attempts to do it, he is guilty of an impertinent violation of common rules. He can do better service and have more influence and respect on the floor, where he can talk, than in the chair, where he can only put motions.

A question comes to us whether a pastor, who presides either by rule or in the exercise of assumed prerogative, can appoint a deacon to preside in his absence when business is transacted. It is plain enough that he cannot. A question comes also whether a senior trustee in an incorporated church can claim the chair. The question is foolish, unless the laws of some State unknown to us provide for such an absurdity. Nor could such an official preside *ex officio* even in meetings called by order of the trustees or standing committee. In the absence of standing rules, the clerk should call the meeting to order and require the election of a moderator. In fact, there are no stored-up prerogatives by which a Congregational church can be deprived of its liberties.

Every church ought to have plain, simple and explicit by-laws; and on this subject it is well for pastors, especially of incorporated churches, to advise their churches to provide for the election by ballot of a presiding officer at every strictly business meeting. Then there will be no hard feelings, and the church will preserve its rights, and the pastor will preserve his dignity.

Some one recently wanted to "write up" Rose Terry Cooke, and forthwith wrote to the author for some points. This is the pen portrait Mrs. Cooke gave of herself: "I am by no means an angel, I assure you, but a hot-tempered, quick-tongued, friendly old woman, very much of a woman, and justly bristling with feminine faults."

The decree for the enlargement of Vienna having now been signed, the arduous work of reorganizing the city's administration is about to begin. The new Vienna will cover 177 square kilometers, have a circumference of 63 kilometers and include a population of 1,000,000.

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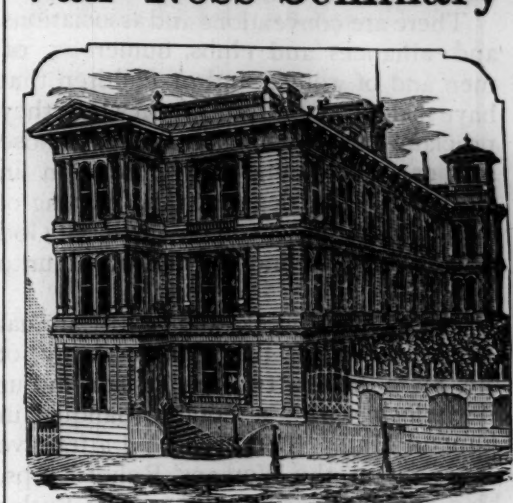
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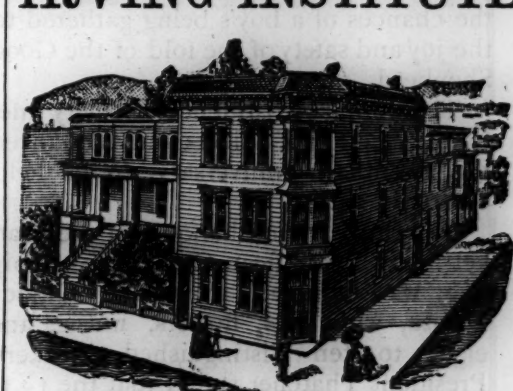
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Home Circle.

Forty Years.

Just forty years, just forty years,
My childhood's home I bade adieu,
Mid fervent prayers and flowing tears
Of friends and loved ones kind and true.
Of this great world I little knew,
Nor dreamed of what my fate might be;
But ventured all to leave, and do
What'er ordained my destiny.

Just forty years, just forty years,
My childhood's treasures I resigned,
How bright the hopes, how grave the fears,
That in that solemn hour combined!
My mother's kiss—I feel it yet,
As long and warm my lips it pressed;
My father's grief I'll ne'er forget
While life with love's sweet memory's blest.

Just forty years, just forty years,
And I've returned to that dear spot;
But my return no welcome hears
Of voices sweet I've ne'er forgot.
The dear old house is standing still,
The ivy creeping round its walls;
The trees and flowers their stations fill,
But no one greets me—silent all!

Just forty years, just forty years!
My mother sleeps on yonder hill;
Her grave I'll battle with manhood's tears,
And bow resigned to God's good will.
My father could not bear the load,
Nor call it home without his mate;
He went afar, and died abroad;
He joined his bride at heaven's gate.

Just forty years, just forty years!
No face nor form once dear I find;
No brother, sister, friend appears,
But strange good people, vainly kind.
My loved ones gone, my playmates gone!
All gone! and I am going, too;
It's forty years—and I'm alone;
I cannot stay—adieu, adieu!

Just forty years, just forty years,
Since "home" I called this precious spot,
But my return no welcome hears
Of voices sweet I've ne'er forgot.

—Lutheran Observer.

HOW A GIRL SUCCEEDED.

In a simple home in Paris some fifty years ago, lived Mr. Bonheur and his poor family. He was a man of talent in painting, but he was obliged to spend his time in giving drawing lessons.

His wife gave piano lessons, going from house to house all day long, and sometimes sewing all night. All this was to support the family; for they had four little mouths beside their own to feed. There was August, Isidore and Juliette, and lastly, the one I am going to tell you about, Rosa.

Her mother—tired with hard work—died when Rosa was eight years old. The children were placed in the care of a good woman, who sent them to school, but Rosa was a little truant. She didn't like to be shut up in a school-room, and spent most of the time playing in the woods gathering daisies and marigolds.

But her father thought if she did not love school she must be taught something useful, and tried to have her taught sewing; but she couldn't learn this, and became so sick at the sewing-school that she had to be taken away.

Finally, she was left to herself for awhile, and she hung about her father's studio copying whatever she saw him do. Then he suddenly woke up to the fact that his little girl had great talent. He began to teach her carefully in drawing.

At this she studied and worked with all her might.

One day she happened to paint the picture of a goat; she found so much pleasure in the work that she made up her mind to paint animals only.

She had no money to buy or hire models, so she had to take long walks in the country, working all day in the open air. She loved animals, and it pained her to see them killed, but she must learn how to paint their suffering on canvas, and so she went to the slaughter-pens of Paris and sat on a bundle of hay with her colors about her, drawing and painting, while the drovers and butchers gathered around to look at her pictures.

At home—where the family had all moved together again—on the roof of the house, Rosa made a little flower-garden, and kept a sheep there for a model. Very often Rosa's brother would carry the sheep on his back, down six flights of stairs, and after letting him graze on the outside, would bring him back to his garden home on the roof.

At nineteen years of age, Rosa sent two pictures to the Fine Art Exhibition. The critics spoke kindly of these, and she was encouraged to keep on painting.

At twenty-seven, her splendid picture, "Cantal Oxen," took the gold medal, and was purchased by the English government. Her own government presented her with a silver vase.

Her father shared the success of his daughter; he was at once made the director of the Government School of Design for girls. But this relief from poverty and trouble came too late; for he died the same year.

Orders for work now poured in upon her—more than she could do; four years later, after long months of study, she painted the "Horse Fair." This was greatly admired, both in England and America. It was sold to an Englishman for eight thousand dollars, and was finally bought by the late A. T. Stewart, of New York, for his famous collection.

One day after she had become famous, the Empress of France called upon her, and coming into the studio without warning, found her at work. She arose to receive the Empress, who threw her arms about Rosa's neck and kissed her. After a very short call the visitor went away, but not until after she had gone did Rosa discover that as the Empress had given the kiss, she had pinned upon the artist's blouse the Cross of the Legion of Honor. This was the highest honor that the Empress could bestow.

Perhaps some of you girls want to reach, and hope to reach, the heights of

fame as artists; but don't forget that everything worth having in this world has a high price set upon it—and if you want true fame as an artist, you must be willing to pay the price. Rosa Bonheur says:

"Art demands heart, brain, soul, body. Nothing less will win its highest favor. I need art; it is my husband, my world, my life-dream, the air I breathe. I know nothing else, think of nothing else. I have no taste for general society; I only wish to be known through my works."

Girls, are you willing to pay the price?—*Treasure Trove.*

THE PURITY OF THE HOME.

How to preserve the purity of our homes, how best to shield our children from the snares of the destroyer, is not a new question, but its claims are as urgent as ever. The street, literature, natural passions, and a host of other things, are used by the adversary as elements in temptation; potent enough under all circumstances. But what if the parent, teacher, or guardian be careless and negligent of his trust? This matter of reading is publicly discussed, reviewed and re-reviewed, time and again, yet how criminally careless in this matter are some parents! The daily newspaper with its mentally enfeebling tendencies, and—why continue the list of weak or wicked literature?

I enter many respectable families. Before me lies a daily newspaper, which has free circulation in our homes. A column devoted to an exposition of the Sunday-school lesson is sandwiched in between articles on "The Married Life of Actresses," "The Game of Poker—Its Increasing Popularity in American Homes," "Peculiar Sensations," etc.

On the same page are glowing advertisements of remedies to cure shameful diseases—a page of poison diluted with a grain of moral teaching!

Certain medical institutions for the treatment of chronic diseases send out advertising "memorandum" books, none of which ought to meet the eyes of a child. Repeatedly I have found these in the hands of children at school, who apparently have the full knowledge of their parents. Such parental carelessness or ignorance should be punished by law.

We know of a pleasant country town, not large, yet containing seven churches, with about as many saloons. The town is, perhaps, an average one as to society, containing the good, the bad, and the indifferent. Some years ago (we trust there is improvement now) there seemed to be a moral miasm among the young of that place. Many girls, even, seemed to be beyond, at least without parental control. Beviens of them paraded the streets after night-fall. They were at the depot to greet every incoming train, so that the fact was commented on by the passing traveler, who wondered "if the hotels employed female runners."

In less than a score of years, within a radius of a few miles, one might count a score of young women of that town whose good name, through open disgrace of theirs, had been dragged in the mire of common report.

What was the cause of such degraded public morals? Was it alone the open saloon, that fearful demoralizer? Was it the unfaithful timidity of the churches? All of these, no doubt, but chiefly the latter, and devitalized Christianity along with them. Our homes must be Christian, and vitally so, or we are lost.

Woe, eternal woe, to the father or mother unfaithful to the sacred guardianship of a child.—*Advocate and Guardian.*

DIVING DEEP.

It is not much good just reading the Bible. The Word itself does not say anything that I can remember about reading it. But it says a great deal about searching the Scriptures. And it says a great deal more about meditating on them. I don't know much about pearls, but I've heard they come from the bottom of the sea. Now we come up and look at the great stretch of water and say, "This is where the pearls come from," and we take up the water and get nothing but bubbles of foam. But David comes along, and he dives down under the water and he brings up a wonderful pearl, and so he says, "It's more to be desired than gold." Reading skims, and can't find anything but what floats on top; meditation dives down deep, and finds pearls. I believe that if some of the Lord's feeble folks would try this—just a half-hour's quiet thinking over the Lord's Word—they would hardly know themselves in a month, and their earnest friends would begin to think they were ripening for glory sure enough.—*Selected.*

BABIES' NEED OF SLEEP.—A young baby should spend most of its time in sleep. Never allow it to be awakened for any purpose whatever. A child's nerves receives a shock every time it is aroused from sleep, which is most injurious to it. Admiring friends should be made to wait until it is awake, to kiss it and play with it. After it is nursed at night, put it back in its crib, and if it is comfortable, it will soon fall asleep. It should never sleep in the bed with an older person. Place the crib with its head to the light so as to protect the eyes from the glare. A light canopy serves to ward off draughts. Curtains cut off the supply of fresh air, and, except a mosquito-netting in summer, should not be used. Until a child is two years old it should spend part of each day in sleep, taking a long nap morning and afternoon.—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

HOW DO YOU TREAT YOUR HIRED GIRL?

BY FRANCES E. WILLARD.

The Hon. Carroll D. Wright makes it known in his statistics that the United States contains a million hired girls; in view of this fact and of the hired girl's dependence for home happiness upon the Christian courtesy of the family in which she lives, we wish to ask the following questions of those who employ a hired girl: How many of you say good-morning and good-night to her? How many of you greet her cordially on her return from an absence? How many of you speak of her in a homelike, family way to a guest when she enters the room, saying, "This is our Eda, who does so much to make our home a pleasant place," or something of the sort?

How many take special pains to make the work lighter on Sunday, by simplifying the meals and arranging for her to go to those meetings of her church which are about the only variety she has.

Who can account for the fact that good Christian people will pass a hired girl just as if she was a block of wood or an automaton, not giving her even so much of a greeting as they would a household dog or cat.

Why should the hired girl be called the servant? To be sure, one who serves does that which is altogether honorable, but the term has fallen into a sort of synonym for servitude; would it not be better, therefore, to use the expression, our helper? A good, strong Saxon word that has uplift in it and no sense of degradation.

How many of them are asked to go to family prayers, and with all their traits and inconsistencies are remembered in the prayer that is duly offered? How many are fitted out with Bibles, if they have none, and are taught to read our language, if of a foreign birth. This does not relate to Catholics, although in some cases that I wot of the Douay Bible is read in family at prayers, she taking her turn with the rest of the family.

How many look carefully after the hired girl's room—to see that she has nice springs in her bed, a soft mattress, a rocking chair and every comfort that is found in the other rooms of the home? How many speak to her kindly about an extra good baking of bread or a nice dish in which she may feel a natural pride? We are all glad of recognition, and yet we often forget that those in humbler situations of life are just as glad to be appreciated as we in ours. Noting that perhaps the one whose work lies at the base of the health and the wholesomeness of the home is more acceptable than many a woman, who is the mistress of the home.

It has touched my heart to hear now and then in the grace before meals some such expression as this, "God bless the hands that prepared for us this food." Little deeds of kindness, how easily they are scattered and how strangely we forget them, but I like to remember that evil is wrought more for want of thought than want of heart, and so in these friendly lines, I had hoped to remind myself anew and any other who may read them, of a few among the many hundreds of Christian needs by which we may brighten lives so wholly dependent for happiness on our good will.—*Union Signal.*

DON'T HURRY.

The famous answer to the man who said he had too little time to do a certain thing, that he had all the time there was, has apparently never been laid to heart by many active and energetic people. These restless and rushing persons seem to be under the impression that they have only a small bit of time, and that all they are to do in life must be done at once if it is to be done at all. Instead of drawing on time as if it were a large deposit, subject to constant demands as needed, these people attempt to draw out the whole amount at once. They impress one as having no reserve of leisure or opportunity. They are under the harrow of the present moment, and they are driven when they ought to guide and control. There is time enough in life for all rational people to do what they ought to do; time enough, without impatience or restlessness, or the hurry which destroys the sense of repose and saps the reserve force. To take life breathlessly is to miss the deepest and richest part of it! To be always on the run is to lose all those sweet delights and resources which come through an open mind and quiet observation.

The hurried man or woman never has time for anything; not even for the thing in hand. For the work done in a hurry, and done to the exclusion of many other things, always bears the mark of incompleteness and haste; it is never a completed and finished product. To do one of the great human obligations, but it is secondary to the obligation to grow. By all means do your work with your whole heart and with all your strength; but do it with quietness of spirit, that you may not only accomplish the thing in hand, but make it expressive of your own nature, and receive back from it that strength and added power which constitute the rich reaction of activity.—*Christian Union.*

Gladstone says: "No wave of the great ocean of time, when once it has floated past us, can be recalled. All we can do is to watch the new form and motion of the next, and launch upon it to try, in the manner our best judgment may suggest, our strength and skill."

Household.

Graham Rolls.—1 pint Graham flour, 1 pint flour, 1 teaspoonful salt, 2 teaspoonfuls baking powder, one tablespoonful lard, $\frac{3}{4}$ pint milk. Sift together Graham flour, flour, salt, and powder; rub in lard cold; add milk, and mix the whole into smooth dough that can be handled—not too soft; flour board, turn it out, and form into rolls shape and size of large fingers. Lay them on baking sheet, so they will not touch. Wash their surfaces with soft brush, dipped in milk to glaze them. Bake in hot oven from 10 to 12 minutes.

Strawberry Cream.—Strawberry cream is a handsome dessert. Soak one-half box of gelatine in one-half cup of cold water, dissolve in one-half cup of boiling water, then strain. Mash one quart of strawberries, add a cup of sugar and rub through a sieve. Then add the gelatine water and stir until thick, after which add a pint of cream whipped. The juice of half a lemon is an improvement. This cream should be allowed to cool thoroughly, when it will be like a fine sponge in texture and of a beautiful pink color.—*Detroit Tribune.*

Spanish Cream.—This is one of our most delicious desserts. Put half a box gelatine into a quart of sweet milk. Keep it in a warm place until the gelatine is dissolved; to this add the well-beaten yolks of four eggs and one teaspoonful of sugar. When scalding hot, but not boiling, stir in the whites, beaten to a stiff froth. Flavor with lemon or vanilla. Pour into a mold, and set away in a cool place to stiffen. Serve cold with cream and sugar; or it is excellent alone.—*Mrs. Ames, in Houston Weekly.*

Hints for Dish-washing.—If a saucepan or other article is very greasy, fill with water in which a few drops of ammonia have been put. Keep a bottle of ammonia in the kitchen, as its use will diminish such work by half. Use a skewer or knitting-needle to dig out corners of bread-pans, etc., which the dish-cloth cannot reach. Dry them carefully, and they will never rust or get the musty smell so often noticed about cooking utensils.

Borax Water.—Borax water is excellent for sponging either silk or wool goods that are not soiled enough to need washing. In washing cashmere or wool goods put a little borax in the water. This will cleanse them much more easily and better, without injury to the colors. Do not rub them on a board, but use the hands and throw on a line without wringing. Press them on the wrong side and they will look almost like new.—*Good Housekeeping.*

To Take Out Grease or Fresh Paint.—Use chloric ether, rubbing it on the grease-spots. For paint, the ether should be applied on the other side. Benzine is almost equally good, but must not be used near fire or gas. If candle-grease has dropped on the floor, lay a coarse folded brown paper over it and smooth with a hot iron, which draws it out. If trace remains, cover with French chalk for an hour.

Rice Snow.—Four spoons of ground rice, one pint of water, two spoons of butter, two spoons of sugar, the juice of one lemon, one pint of boiling milk. Put the rice to cook in the water, stirring well about fifteen minutes; add the butter, sugar, juice and hot milk. Stir well and let the whole boil until thick, then pour it on to a dish.

Gumbo.—Slice a large onion and brown it in a skillet with a slice of fat bacon or ham; peel and slice two quarts of tomatoes, cut thin one quart okra, put all together with a little parsley into a stew-kettle, add three quarts of water, season to taste, and stew slowly for two or three hours.

Potato Croquettes.—Take warm mashed potatoes, add the beaten yolk of an egg, and a little cayenne pepper and nutmeg. Beat thoroughly, and mold up into balls or oblongs. Roll these in an egg, and then in fine cracker crumbs, and fry in boiling lard.

Puff Cake.—Marian's recipe: "Two cups white sugar, two-thirds cup of butter, three eggs, one full cup of sweet milk, three ditto of flour, two teaspoonfuls baking powder, or one of soda and two cream tartar. Flavor to taste, and add two cups of raisins."

Ham Toast.—Mince some boiled ham very fine; stir in a pint of cream, with pepper, mustard, butter and two eggs; boil and pour over nicely browned toast. Set in the oven to dry.

New York has become a city of extravagance in dinner-giving, and many of these entertainments, with all the delicacies of the season and rare wines, cost from twenty to one hundred dollars per cover. Of course the latter is the outside figure; but reckoning that one gives a dinner once a week to a party of say, fifteen, at the first named figure it will prove a snug sum at the end of the year. In order to render these dinners complete and perfect, the hostess must possess a dinner service more or less elaborate, and it is rarely, if ever, that the majority of outsiders stop to consider what these consist of and how much money is spent in this direction. In the old Roman days, no greater magnificence could have existed in the way of table decoration, wines and service, than a millionaire New Yorker displays when his wife gives a large dinner.—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

CONGREGATIONAL DIRECTORY.

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THIRD CHURCH.—South side Fifteenth St., between Valencia and Mission. Rev. F. D. Pullan, Pastor. Sunday services, 11 A.M. and 7:30 P.M.; Sunday-school, 12:30 P.M. Prayer-meeting, Wednesday, 7:30 P.M.

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Wednesday, March 4, 1891.

The bill for the disestablishment of the State Church in Wales failed this last week to carry, of course; but the strength of the favorable vote was such as to make them that favored it do all the cheering.

What a good thing, pecuniarily, it is for churches to get good sites in growing cities, and to get them early, or pretty early. Thus, the First Congregational church in Washington, D. C., bought its site for \$23,000 in 1866, and the property could now be sold for \$250,000.

One of the most fruitful missions is that conducted by the American Baptists among the Telugus, in India. A few years ago there was a remarkable movement among them, and in one year no less than 10,000 natives were added to the churches. Fears have been expressed that so sudden and large accessions portended reaction. But near the close of 1890 over 2,000 had been baptized, and 2,000 more were awaiting the opportunity to make the same profession.

Among latest Presidential appointments we note that of Rev. Selah Merrill, of Andover, Mass., at one time minister to the Third church in this city, as Consul in Jerusalem. Dr. Merrill filled this position before. These are fresh times in the old Jewish capital. What with railroad from Jaffa, and immigration of Jews from Russia and elsewhere, and extensive building, and millennial expectations, and persistent archaeological exploration, the post of Consul offers opportunities for such a scholar as Dr. Merrill has shown himself to be.

It is hard work for Protestants to get a hearing, says Dr. H. M. Field, in Havana. There is a small congregation there, however, but it would not have attracted any attention if the clergy had not persecuted it. Another thing helped. It got hold of a piece of property suitable for a cemetery, in which the dead could be buried for a moderate sum compared with that exacted by the Roman Church. This has drawn many who otherwise would not have thought of attending a Protestant service. Dr. Field enjoyed this solitary service very much, but he could not stay at the communion because, in the judgment of this little church, he had not been baptized!

One of the men who represented the "free-thinkers," as in opposition to a proposed Sunday law, alleged that young men become immoral in consequence of their being idle. No doubt there may be some such persons. It is in their behalf that a Sunday law is needed. It is for the purpose of closing up those very places in which, of a Sunday, so many young men learn to be saunterers, loiterers, idlers, loafers, and the like, that a Sunday law is sought. All good citizens, and most self-respecting people, close up their business, law or no law. It is chiefly to close places that thrive by idleness, vice, and crime, that a Sunday law is in demand.

We give the responses which have come to hand to Brother Scudder's article in last week's paper. We would gladly have printed many more this week. We expect to receive many more. Why should we not all endorse it and act upon it as far as we are able? This is what we are here for—to win souls, and build up Christ's kingdom. We can help one another in this work. We need fellowship in this line of work more than in any other. We may have too many councils, and associations, and committee meetings, and papers, and discussions. We need more prayer, and praise, and exhortation, and sermons, and work together for the conversion of souls. We need this. Oh, how perishing souls all about us need that we shall do all that we can alone and together for their salvation! God is ready and waiting to help us, and to incline them.

These are the figures which the Methodist Episcopal Advocate of Portland gives concerning the relative standing of the churches in Oregon: Methodist societies 211; members 10,050; Baptist 106, 5,043; Presbyterian 70,

3,575; Episcopal 32, 1,600; Congregational 29, 1,619. It supposes that in Washington and adjacent parts of Idaho the Methodist populations would be as much more, and argues that they should take the lead in establishing the Christian higher education in that section. As is pretty generally known, President Stratton, who so lately became Chancellor of the Willamette University at Salem, has resigned to become the head of a new university near Portland; but that has only aroused Salem to the effort to keep and to endow the institution so long there. It is to be hoped that our Congregational people, although their numbers look rather small, will soon be able to adjust their minds to harmony and courage, so as to do their full part in the building of the Christian college.

In a little corner of a daily paper, this last week, one might note the incorporation of "The Commonwealth of Jesus." It may be some co-operative society, or, possibly, something like the Koreshan Unity which a certain Dr. Tead has set up lately in our city. What strikes us is, how anxious so many of the social reformers and experimenters are to "hitch their wagon to a star"; that is, to attach their enterprise to the Name that is above every name. Back to Christ is the impulse of most men, no matter how cranky they are, who wish to regenerate this old and stubborn world. If the easy ways of skeptical criticism are true, it is very strange that the Man of Nazareth should have gotten such a name at all. But he got it and keeps it. This century, which is the inheritor of all the past, and which often plumes itself on its amazing superiority, cannot help going back and kneeling at the manger of the Son of Mary. Whenever one thinks how the better days of human society are to come, he can hardly think of any method which does not sooner or later get its law and its motive from Jesus.

It pleases us to see the suggestion lately made that, while Methodists and others are talking about and planning for a national university at Washington, it were pertinent to inquire why should not Congregationalists see to it that Howard University, already having won its noble record, should be so much more liberally endowed as to be itself the great center of Christian learning for that region, if not for the nation. Certainly it has borne the name of one who is worthy of special honor and who, now that General Sherman is gone, stands out as perhaps the solitary living one of the greater commanders of the war. And how is this fine soldier spending the intervals of his official duties in New York? Why, in opening religious services in a neglected and hard section of the city, and, with his son, personally teaching those whom they have gathered. What a comfort it is in a time when it is the fashion to believe evil of many of our public men, that there are those, like Howard, and, indeed, like Windom, and Hayes, and Harrison, who keep before the nation the example of Christian citizenship! Yes, we would like to see Howard University enlarge into its fitting possibilities.

Joseph Parker justifies his opposition to Gladstone's bill removing the disability of Roman Catholics as to eligibility to two high offices in England, on the ground that Roman Catholics are sworn subjects of another political power. There is a deal of force in that position. Note that a deputation of Catholics opposed to the French Republic have been to Rome remonstrating with the Pope because the latter has lately showed a disposition to come to peace with the Republic. Leo seems to have held his point; but one asks, Why should any French citizen have to depend upon the Pope's decision as to whether they should sustain either a republic or a monarchy? Or, why in Ireland should bishops, in effect, command their subjects to vote against Parnell, or for him, indeed? Or, was it seemly and safe that Leo should have directed the Catholic party in the Reichstag to vote a certain way on the bill for increasing the German army? Now, such considerations may not be sufficient to justify the legal exclusion of Roman Catholics from eligibility to high office either in England or in America. For such exclusion looks like making one religion to be disfavored, and that is contrary to the principle of the modern free State. But even the most free modern State may not shut its eyes to the tremendous claims which the Pope has always set up of sovereignty over the whole action of the citizen.

PROPORTIONATE GIVING.

In order to call the attention of Christian people to the necessity and duty of giving to the great causes of benevolence in our age, a company of people have organized the Christian Stewards' League. It is hoped by them that such leagues will be extensively formed. The following is a copy of the covenant which lies at the basis of the association: "We covenant with the Lord, and with those who enter with us into the fellowship of this consecration, that we will devote a proportionate part of our income—not less than one-tenth—to benevolent and religious purposes." The two persons who seem to be moving in this matter are Chicagoans. One has been writing on this subject extensively for some time past, under the name "Layman, 310 Ashland avenue;" the other may be addressed as "Secretary, No. 50 Montauk Block, Chicago." Both are business men, and are convinced that the members of our churches only need a business conscience and system in this direction in order that the great enterprises of benevolence may go right forward with full treasures. Perhaps all may not see the necessity of increasing societies by adding a special league in the interest of this endeavor; but we may all be glad that persistent effort is making to secure so imperative an end. No less a person than William E. Gladstone has lately, in the *Nineteenth Century*, expressed similar convictions.

The Committee on the Revision of the Westminster Confession, it is said, have finished their business and come to unanimity in the report they will make at the imminent assembly. Whether the feeling aroused by Professor Briggs' inaugural will stiffen the conservatives of the Revision, when duly formulated, might be asked with the likelihood of an affirmative reply. The burning question with the Methodists is of another sort, but equally interesting and exciting. As the lay vote was nearly 100,000 majority for the eligibility of women to membership in the General Conference, an appeal has been sent forth by many elect women to the ministers to respect this majority. Only fifteen Annual Conferences have thus far reported the ministers balloting. These Conferences were mostly colored, and have voted adversely. It is evident that there is to be a battle; but this is the woman's age, and her victory hardly admits of doubt.

The library of the Pacific Theological Seminary is favored with a copy of the little volume, published in Japan, giving, in 174 pages, a "Sketch of the Life of the Rev. J. H. Niesima, LL.D." It is an intensely interesting book, and ought to be read by every Sunday-school scholar in every land. Niesima was really "converted," under "the light of nature," at the age of fifteen. A few years later, in the light of the New Testament, the same Spirit led him into an exalted experience of the Christ, in him "the hope of glory." It was in him a rare act of moral courage, when, with the encouragement of none, and with the reluctant assent of a few, he appeared before the meeting of the "American Board" to plead for money with which to plant an institution for the higher Christian education in Japan. He forgot his studied language. He faltered in his speech. But, with eyes brimming with tears, he managed to say, "I can not go back to Japan without the money to found a Christian college, and I am going to stand here till I get it." And he did. The only wonder is that it was not more than \$5,000. However, that sufficed. For several years the "Doshisha" has been growing in power and usefulness. A gift of \$100,000 has recently been bestowed upon it by J. L. Harris of New London, Conn. Niesima was ed, by a way he knew not, to be one of the wonders of the Lord.

CONGREGATIONAL UNION FIELD NOTES.

DEAR PACIFIC: This particular field note is written on the Mojave desert. We found several trains at Mojave delayed since Sunday, and are glad to get creeping along after the pioneer train just ahead of us. We see signs along the way of a big storm, and are not anxious to tumble into the first ditch. Snow looks good on the mountains, and felt good in our hands. Mark you, brethren! This growing love for this wonderful coast, which this matchless winter and superb friends have developed, is not nourished by any contempt for the glorious land I have left behind me. "Faith are better than aim," as the Scotch parson said who grabbed both pieces of the cakes of which he was offered his choice. If I forget thee, O land of the snowball and the toboggan! I may the boy die out of my heart. May my finger forget how to pull a rifle trigger,

and my tongue unlearn the praises of my friends! Thank Heaven for the cold country that develops courage, where the Home altars must burn big fires or freeze! Thank Heaven, too, that to find a bay as beautiful as Naples, a climate rare as Italy, mountains as glorious as the Alps, one who loves his country does not need to leave the protection of the stars and stripes! Please whisper to your readers across the continent that if they come to the Golden Gate, on their way to the Gate of Pearl, in the service of our King, there are groups of Great Hearts who will not leave them to winters of discontent, but join in with them for fruitful summers and glorious harvests. Might just as well confess first as last—been falling in love again! Bless the Master for the fellowship of the winter. We turn toward the City of the Angels with glowing memory of the saints we left behind us.

Good again for Brother Scudder! Only that his transparent unselfishness prevents it, one might almost envy him his close communication with the Heavenly authorities. To have conceived the plan of the missionary campaign, and to have inspired the pastors of this coast with the suggestion that every pastor become a missionary evangelist, have made his life well worth living. All his pastoral joy and success is so much more. Bless him! As much blessing is in this plan as in the missionary campaign; and it is as much longer as a decade is longer than a fortnight, as a glorious life plan surpasses a useful outing. If I were a pastor, and things were going heavily with me, I would send for this sunny-faced pastor, and any helper he would choose to bring with him. I would expect a "Shower of blessing," and my buckets would be out for my personal share of it. As it is, I put my name in with the brethren, if the Home Missionary Committee will accept me; and, when other duties will permit, will take a hand in the work. To pass hymn-books, to group people closely around the preacher, to kneel at the altar with inquiries, to open the book to show the way—oh! is there anything quite like it in man's service for his brothers! "One shall chase a thousand, and two put ten thousand to flight." If the second man counts nine thousand, he is not to be forgotten. The going-out by twos is getting back to primitive methods. In the awful travail pain, before souls are born into the Kingdom, a brother, to confer and pray with, is the Divine plan for human strengthening and encouragement. See Moody and Sankey, Whittle and McGranahan, Mills and Greenwood. Brother Scudder wisely insists that the Church, and not the minister only, shall invite the evangelists; and that the churches shall vote to excuse their pastors, and covenant to follow them with their prayers. May Heaven use THE PACIFIC to scatter widely on this fruitful coast this prolific seed-thought, and nurture it to fruitful harvests for the Kingdom. We have often thought how the M. E. church is strengthened by the tact of Bishops in sending men of special gifts to the peculiar places where they are needed. Ought we do less, in our Congregational fraternity and liberty, than share gifts with our brethren—impart what we may have, and ask and welcome what we need. The Association at Plymouth church will feel the breath of the missionary campaign and the Pastoral Evangelistic scheme.

We woke this morning in the City of Angels, having passed the extemporized bridges in our sleep. Here your angel James welcomes us. The fields are green and glad, and there is the sound of abundance of rain.

EDWIN S. WILLIAMS.
125 South Olive street.

FINDING OF COUNCIL.

Pursuant to letters missive from the First Congregational church, San Jose, Cal., and of Rev. C. W. Hill, their pastor, an ecclesiastical council assembled in the parlor of the Y. M. C. A., Sutter St., San Francisco, February 9, 1891, at 3:30 P. M. Rev. W. C. Pond was chosen Moderator and Rev. W. D. Williams, Scribe. The purpose of the council was declared in the letter missive to be to review the action of the church in the matter of the resignation of Brother Hill, and, if deemed advisable, to recognize the relation as dissolved. Upon examination, it was found that the action of both pastor and church was regular, and the relation existing between them was recognized as dissolved. The council were of one mind in desiring to add to this formal fulfillment of the duty assigned them the expression of their gratification at the hearty and true words the church has used to tell its fraternal thought respecting their retiring pastor. They have esteemed him highly in love for his work's sake, and we assure them that in this appreciation their brethren, in other churches fully join. We commend Brother Hill to the churches as an able preacher, a pastor rich at heart in sympathy and kindness, and a man consecrated, unselfish, pure-minded, a good example to the flock.

We also extend our hearty sympathy to the church at San Jose, and pray that the Good Shepherd will speedily send them another pastor who, as their late pastor has done, may feed them with knowledge and understanding. By vote of the council, 30 ayes and 2 nays, Resolved, That W. C. POND, Moderator, do accept of the resignation of W. D. WILLIAMS, Scribe, from the pastoral relation to the church at San Jose. One hundred million dollars is the estimated value of the cotton crop of Texas this year.

NEWS FROM THE SUNNY SOUTH.

Our church at Ventura, in ordinary weather, has large congregations on the Sabbath, both morning and evening. Many who come are men who have not been accustomed to attend church. Union meetings are being inaugurated, with the purpose of bringing the people to act together upon questions of public welfare. Also, a union teachers' meeting is contemplated. Ventura folks, why not take up the Sunday-closing movement?

Rev. Mr. Jacka, Presbyterian, is engaged to supply the Park church, Los Angeles, for three months.

Rev. L. B. Voorhees of Santa Ana exchanged with Dr. Hutchins Sunday before last, and supplied the East Congregational church last Sabbath; and, owing to the floods of rain, was weather-bound in the city until Thursday, and then had to return home by private conveyance. The census shows that one in three of the inhabitants of Santa Ana are members of churches—a remarkable proportion. What a grand opportunity they have to bring the entire population into the Christian fold, abolish the liquor nuisance and have a model community every way!

Notwithstanding the powerful rains and muddy streets, the meetings in the Third church, Los Angeles, carried on by Pastor Collins and Evangelist Bickford, led to a goodly number of conversions. Among the converts were several young men, and some in middle life, who had been intemperate. In more favorable weather the meetings may be resumed.

The special union services in the Olivet church (Pastor Field's) have opened very auspiciously. Pastor and people had a bee to enlarge the church edifice so as to have a place large enough to hold the audiences gathered in the special meetings. The most wonderful thing of all is that the expense of it has been provided for with ease. Men, solicited and unsolicited, have brought their generous gifts, and unbelieving carpenters have worked hard upon the building without pay. This work of faith and love must surely be forwarding the purpose of the merciful Christ, who longs to save. Major Hilton, by his wisdom and earnestness, commends himself to the people. We expect to see that portion of the city greatly changed, and the power of sin and unbelief broken. May not the unbelieving workmen who helped to rear the church be like Noah's carpenters?

Superintendent Ford reports the following sums already contributed to Home Missions during the present Home Missionary year: Avalon, \$10.20; Compton, \$60.71; Halleck \$26.48; Highlands, \$69.95; West End, Los Angeles, \$32.12; Lugonia Terrace, \$75; Monterey, \$75.25; National City, \$41; Ontario, \$120; Pasadena, North, \$38.50; Perris, \$38.25; Redlands, \$47.15; Riverside, \$275; San Bernardino First, \$61.60; Santa Ana, \$60.60; Sierra Madre, \$85.21; South Riverside, \$53.55; Sweetwater, \$25; Vernon, \$72.10. The rains have delayed the collections of the churches, and the embargo on the mails has prevented Superintendent Ford from getting reports. Some of the other churches have not yet made their principal contribution for the year.

We notice with special pleasure a suggestion in THE PACIFIC by Rev. Mr. Scudder of Alameda which is entirely applicable to all parts of the State. It is that, in view of the scarcity of revivals and few conversions, neighboring pastors should assist each other in one or two weeks' meetings. We have not a sufficient number of evangelists, nor could our churches pay for the requisite number of evangelists, to do the work so pressingly and imperatively needed today in California. If God's ear is not heavy and his arm is not shortened, there must be something wrong somewhere if over one thousand Congregational churches report no conversions during a year. Seed-sowing is for the sake of harvest-reaping. Is it any credit to the Christian worker that he alone should be content among toilers in all departments of human activity to expend his strength continuously with most meager results? With Divine and human co-operation the whole moral aspect in this State may be changed. Faith is needed to undertake great things for God, and enterprise and zeal to do the work of evangelizing. In New England and in other parts of the country great revivals have followed pastoral co-operation. If each pastor is not consciously to be his own evangelist, he can readily ask the help of a sympathetic brother, whose character is well known, and whose work has been tested. It is surprising that some workers among us who are specially adapted under God to awaken the unsaved are not more in demand. "Come from the four winds, O Breath," and breathe upon us all a life of renewed consecration and devotion.

Mrs. E. Hollenbeck of Los Angeles, lady 61 years old, of German descent, the widow of J. E. Hollenbeck, has made a noble gift, estimated at one million dollars, to establish in this city a home for indigent women and homeless girls. The benefaction includes the Hollenbeck block, and a homestead of twelve acres on Boyle Heights. The income of the Hollenbeck block is between twenty-five and thirty thousand dollars a year. Five trustees have been appointed. According to California law, no one can will more than one-third of his or her property to charity or benevolence. Therefore, be your own administrator.

LOS ANGELES, Feb. 28, 1891.

Home Missionary.

WOMAN'S STATE HOME MISSIONARY SOCIETY.
President, Mrs. M. L. Merritt, 686 Thirty-fourth St. Oakland.
Vice-President, Mrs. L. W. Eckley, Alameda.
Recording Secretary, Mrs. M. L. F. Eastman, 516 Valencia street, San Francisco.
Treasurer, Mrs. J. M. Haven, 1399 Harrison street, Oakland.
Corresponding Secretary, Miss Grace E. Barnard, 1469 Castro street, Oakland.
New societies being formed, please report themselves at once to the Secretary of the W. S. H. M.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA WOMAN'S HOME MISSIONARY UNION.
ORGANIZED MAY, 1889.
President, Mrs. E. Cash, 1705 Temple St., Los Angeles.
Vice-President, Mrs. John P. Stearns, Santa Barbara.
Secretary, Mrs. H. K. W. Bent, Box 442, Pasadena.
Treasurer, Mrs. H. W. Mills, 312 South Olive street, Los Angeles.
Sup't Children's Work, Mrs. W. H. Dwight, Pasadena.

THE PROSPECT.

The Home Missionary for March reports receipts in January amounting to \$59,890.83. Of this California is credited with \$1,442.40, all of which comes from Northern California minus \$288.43, which comes from our churches in Southern California.

The monthly tabular report of the Treasurer of the Society reveals the cheering fact that in the matter of contributions of churches and living givers the tide has turned; that is, in comparing the ten months of the present financial year with the corresponding months of the year previous, the Treasurer says: "Last month's reported deficit of more than \$10,400 in that column now gives place to a gain of nearly \$700 over the same ten months of the previous fiscal year. No missionary is now unpaid for reported labor; and if the faithful friends who have never yet been long deaf to the Society's call will come promptly to the rescue, the next two months may see all dues at the bank canceled. Then the annual meeting at Saratoga, June 2-4, will be a glad time of thanksgiving over this year's work, and of large planning for that of the next. For this the Treasury should receive not less than \$80,000 in each of these two closing months."

"These lines are written on the evening before Home Missionary Day, for which many plans have been laid, many prayers offered, and on which large expectations center. The returns from the united efforts on that day are awaited with strong hope, not unmingled with anxiety, as indicating the will and purpose of the friends of home missions in view of the Society's swift-coming sixty-sixth year. May those friends hear, from the Spirit and in the providence of God, the command that is ever ringing in our ears, 'Speak unto the children of Israel that they go forward!'"

A large-hearted friend, deeply interested in home missions in California, writes from Philadelphia, February 23: "I am stopping awhile in Philadelphia at the house of our Missionary Superintendent Dr. Jones, who has all the Middle States under his care. I am greeted every day by mail from weak little churches all over this State who responded to our appeal for home missionary aid, and are sending in their small sums which mean so much of self-sacrifice. We hear of some large churches who do not take notice enough of the day to even pray for the missionary workers. I am delighted with the encouraging reports from California. While the great rich churches seem to be so dead to spiritual things, the little, struggling churches are putting forth every effort to extend the kingdom of our Lord."

The recent rainy Sundays have postponed in some of our churches the taking-up of the home missionary collection to the first pleasant Sabbath, in order to give all a part in the blessed privilege of aiding in the great cause. Brethren, we shall need not less than \$3,000 by the 1st of April.

JOHNS HOPKINS MEDICAL SCHOOL FOR WOMEN.

The admission of women to the Medical School of the Johns Hopkins University is now assured. It is intended to afford to the women of America those advantages for superior medical training which they are now compelled to seek in the great medical schools of Europe.

In order to hasten the opening of the school, and to secure this advanced medical education for women, at the earliest possible date, it was proposed to raise the sum of \$100,000, and as much more as possible, to be offered to the trustees, for the use of the Medical School, on condition that women whose previous training has been equivalent to that of the preliminary medical course of the University be admitted to the school, whenever it shall open, on the same terms as men. This amount was quickly raised and was unanimously accepted by the trustees, on the terms which were made a part of the gift, thus assuring to women admission to this great Medical School. It is necessary to raise \$400,000 in addition to the \$100,000 already secured, in order to insure the immediate opening of this school, all the advantages of which are for women as well as men.

The local committee of San Francisco is composed of many of the leading ladies of the city. The President is Dr. Emma Suro Merritt, 530 Sutter street; the Treasurer, Dr. Isabel Lowry, 848 Van Ness avenue, to whom all contributions should be in the hands of the local committee by March 11th, as all funds will be sent forward by the 12th inst. It is to be hoped that the women of San Francisco will manifest a deep interest in this important movement, and will show their faith by their works.

Our Young Folks.

[For The Pacific.]

Cradle Son.

Sing sweet song to baby,
Sing of Jesus' love;
Hear, my darling baby,
Of the Heavenly Dove.

In his arms for baby
Jesus has a place;
To my own dear baby
He will give his grace.

Sweet sleep, darling baby;
Sleep sweet all the night;
Christ will guard my baby
Till the morning light.

Bye-low, mamma's baby;
Baby, go to sleep;
Jesus, blessed Saviour,
Will my darling keep.

Bye-low, baby, bye-low;
Bye low, mamma's joy!
Jesus, guard my darling
Precious baby boy!

CHAS. E. CHASE.

A JAPANESE SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

BY DR. E. P. THWING, BROOKLYN.

This is a lovely June Sunday afternoon. I have just returned from a school of bright little Japanese children, recently gathered by an American lady from among the poor people of Yokohama. It is held in pleasant quarters and was established a few months ago with about 100 members. The sound of the organ attracted me to the room, and the chorus of voices which accompanied it. Four Japanese girls, about eighteen years of age, aided, teaching the words of the hymns, written on the blackboard in a kind of abbreviated script. These were repeated several times in unison and then sung. The eager faces were a study, particularly that of one blind girl who sat next to me, and whose quickness of hearing helped to make up for her loss of sight. She has a smooth, mellow voice. Her closed eyes, moistened with a tear, her uplifted face and attitude of attention, with the occasional groping of her hands about her chair or person, made a pathetic picture which often drew my glance towards her. She belongs to a guild whose work is massage. For the first five years they get no pay beyond their rice, lodging and cheap attire. You hear the whistle of these blind people at evening, sounding at a distance like a melancholy August cricket, when the summer wanes into the shortening days of autumn. Two other blind rubbers ventured to come hither, but were beaten by their cruel master when he found it out. As I slipped a silver coin into the groping hand of this poor blind girl, she bowed profoundly, though all unconscious of my presence. The servant who calls me to my meals bows before the closed door. He has been seen also to bow to two pails of water drawn by him in the morning at the well. In India the craftsman bows before his tools before beginning the day's work. Nature worship is, doubtless, mingled with much of the social etiquette seen in the East, but we should be sorry to see the polite people here part with some of their gracious and winsome ways, as they are likely to do, coming in contact with our brusque, matter-of-fact people.

Returning from this digression to the school, some of the smaller girls had babies in charge, brought, as usual, tied to their backs. One or two of these "little mothers" has to go into another room to attend to the needs of their infant charges. One baby brother was so hot, tired and sleepy he was laid on the floor to rest, but hardly had his youthful custodian returned to the school-room when he cried after her and she had to bring him back to add his voice to the general chorus, though not always taking the same key. One of the he then children had brought a wee bit of a rabbit, apparently just born, its eyes not yet open, which attracted some eyes that were wide open, but generally the attention was all that could be desired.

It was a lovely sight, those eager, smiling faces; the breezy veranda beyond, and the leafy banyan and eucalyptus, with the blue sea still further distant. When the songs were over, most of the children went into the next room, through the sliding doors, and recited Scripture put on the board. Others went into a third apartment and sat on the matting in a circle about their teacher, who is one of the older day scholars taught here. She is learning to teach others the precious truths which have enlightened her own soul. There were a few adults and small boys, but most of the pupils are girls from six to fourteen, children of jirikisha men and other bread-winners of the humblest class. No pecuniary reward is offered, as has been done in some cases in Sunday-schools elsewhere in the East, but a card or other trifling remembrance is now and then given. A short time ago, I saw these little ones enjoying a strawberry feast given them by a visitor, a good lady from abroad. It was their first experience of the kind. A generous portion was given to each in a bowl, with sugar to match. Their appetite was keen, the fruit luscious and inviting, but there was nothing of the haste and greediness often seen in the best schools at home when a collation is served. They sang "grace," and very deliberately began the first berry banquet of their lives.

If any one reading these lines has any bright, pretty cards, such as are used at Easter or Christmas, which he is willing to send to "Sunday-school 244 B. Bluff, Yokohama," the gift will gladden these little children and help to hold them where loving lips are teaching them of

Jesus, the true "Light of Asia" and the "Light of the World."

WHAT SHALL WE SAY TO PAPA?

Then he is away, that is evident. Oh, yes, far away from his boy and girl; and between his home and the country of his adoption a wide waste of waters spreads. He is not away on business to get rich, but is on the King's business, and bringing to the poor of His subjects the best of all riches. The father of Gertie and Bob is a missionary.

"I say, Gertie, let's send him a real jolly letter; won't he be glad to get it out there?"

"Yes, that he will. Now, what shall I say next, Bob? Let's see; I've told him all the school news, all the home intelligence, including that about Jacko jumping through the kitchen window, and I've sent him some of our best mignonette from the front garden."

"Look here, Gertie, I'll tell you what. Let's fill up the rest with love."

"What a good idea, Bob! But what shall I say?"

They put their little heads together, and written in their bold and better copper-plate were added these words:

"Oh, darling papa, we do love you so much, and if we had all the words in the dictionaries we could not tell you how much we love you. God bless you a thousand times, dear father; don't be down-hearted if you are tired, and the black people are not nice with you. We two are praying for you, ever so much. Last night poor Gertie was lying awake with the toothache, and after she had repeated all the verses she knew, she said: 'Now, I'll pray for you papa till I go to sleep.' Good-bye, father; we kiss this letter for you, and tell it to carry all the love it can to you—X X X X X—that's three from each of us."

About a month after this, a weary missionary was sitting under a tree in a far-off land; he had spoken the Word of Life, and felt just a little down-hearted—the people were so ignorant and so far from God. Presently a black native came running to him with a bit of paper folded like an envelope. It had come up from the coast. He broke open the seal, and with trembling fingers held the letter from his boy and girl. Tears came so fast that it took him a long time to get through it; and when it was done he put it near his heart, and looking up to that blue heaven, which also looked down upon his home in America, he said: "Lord God, I thank Thee for this message of love and hope from my dear ones." And so he took heart, and the people said the white man had found a treasure. Yes, so he had.

PEACOCKS IN THEIR HEARTS.

A Washington lady recently tried to impress upon her little girl the evil of personal vanity, by drawing a picture of a human heart with a peacock in it. "Mamma, what does that mean?" queried the little one.

"My child, it means when you have your new hat and dress on, and go to church thinking how fine and pretty you look, there is something ugly in your heart that is like this gorgeous bird, which is all feathers and nothing else. Its voice is a dreadful screech; it can't sing or say anything nice to anybody, only admire itself and strut about."

The little girl's face grew very thoughtful. She was evidently taking in the lesson for future reference, as the result proved. For on Sunday morning papa appeared in a new suit of clothes, and he hitched about here and there before the dressing table, carefully noting how it fitted at every point. Meanwhile mamma had on her spring suit, with a nice new bonnet, and spent much time before the glass putting the finishing touches to her elegant toilet.

The little girl, equally fresh and presentable, paid no attention to her new finery, but watched her parents from the vantage-ground of her little rocking-chair. Finally, just as they were ready to start for church, the little one looked up innocently, and said:

"Mamma, haven't you and papa got a peacock in your hearts this morning? I felt mine coming, and I just said, 'Go away, bad bird, you can't come in here to-day. I'm going to church!'"

PUT SOME SALT IN IT.

"Mother, what makes you put salt in everything you cook? Everything you make you put in a little salt."

So spoke observing little Annie, as she stood looking on.

"Well, Annie, I'll make you a little loaf of bread without any salt, and see if you can find it out."

"Oh, mother, it doesn't taste a bit nice," she said, after she had tasted the bread.

"Why not?" asked her mother.

"You didn't put any salt in it."

"Mother," said Annie a day or two afterward, "Jane Wells is the worst girl I ever saw; she slaps her little brother Johnny, and pulls his hair, and acts really hateful. When I told her it was naughty to do so, and if she would be kind to her brother he would be kind to her, she only spoke roughly to me and hit him again. Why won't she take my advice?"

"Perhaps you didn't put any salt in it. Season your words with kindness, my child. Ask help of God in all you say and do, and your words spoken in the spirit of Christ will fall to the ground."

GIRLS AWAY FROM HOME.

The girl who is going away from home quite by herself, and who will have to travel for several days and nights on the cars, who will be at a strange hotel by herself, wants a little advice about what to do. Her number may be many, so I prefer to tell her in this little paragraph: In buying her ticket for the trip she always buys a ticket for her sleeper, and the railway official will arrange that if she does not get the entire section the other berth is also occupied by a lady. When she wishes to go to bed, the porter, at her request, will arrange the berth for her, and then out of the small satchel that she has provided she will take the dark flannel or delaine dressing-gown in which she intends to sleep, and go to the toilet-room and put this on. Her clothes are hung by the berth, and while she is advised to remove her dress, skirt and corsets, and her shoes, it will be wiser to retain some of her underwear and her stockings, not only because of the draft but because of the facility of getting into things the next morning. Get up early and go to the toilet-room, but do not monopolize it for hours.

When you reach a strange city get into the stage that belongs to the hotel to which you wish to go, get out at the ladies' entrance, go into the reception room and say that you wish some one sent from the office to you. Tell whoever comes exactly what kind of a room you want, and ask the price of it. Give him your name to register, and remember, while you are alone in a public house it is not wise to dress in any except a quiet way. No trouble about ordering your meals should be experienced, as the bill of fare shows exactly what is served, and you can take your choice.

As to "tipping," you will certainly give a small tip to the porter who straps and locks your trunks for you, and to any bell-boy in the hotel who shows you some special service. If you are only there for a few hours it is not necessary for you to tip the waiter, nor the chambermaid, unless she should also do some act of kindness for you, such as brushing your gown, getting the piece of a stitch in a ripped frock. Although it is not pleasant to be alone, still I do firmly believe that a well-bred girl with a clear head and an understanding mind can go, without any trouble, from California to New York and receive nothing but courteous attention.

The don'ts are these:

Don't dress loudly.

Don't make any acquaintances on the car or in hotels.

Don't sit alone in public parlors. Better by far stay in your own room and read, than make yourself an object of comment.

Make up your mind to be courteous and polite, but reserved, and all men will be like Chevalier Bayards to you, and all women will give you what you demand—respect.—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

IN A MINUTE.

"Don't fret. I'll be there in a minute." But, my friend, a minute means a great deal, notwithstanding you affect to hold it of no consequence. Did you ever stop to think what may happen in a minute? No. Well, while you are murdering a minute for your self and one for me, before you get ready for the business we have in hand, I will amuse you by telling you some things that will happen meanwhile. In a minute we shall be whirled around on the outside of the earth by its diurnal motion a distance of thirteen miles. At the same time we shall have gone along with the earth on its grand journey around the sun, 1,080. Pretty quick traveling, you say. Why, that is slow work compared with the rate of travel of that ray of light which just now reflected from that mirror. A minute ago that ray was 11,160,000 miles away. In a minute over all the world, about eighty new-born infants have each raised a wail of protest, as if against thrusting existence upon them; while as many more human beings, beings, weary with the struggle of life, have opened their lips to utter their last sigh. In a minute the lowest sound your ear can catch has been made by 990 vibrations, while the highest tone reached you after making 2,228,000 vibrations. In a minute an express train goes a mile, and a street car thirty-two rods; the fastest trotting horse 148 rods and an average pedestrian has got over sixteen rods.

Each minute, night and day, by the official reports, the United States collects \$639 and spends \$461. The interest on the public debt was \$96 a minute last year, or just exactly equal to the amount of silver mined in that time. The telephone is used 595, the telegraph 136 times. Of tobacco, 925 pounds are raised, and part of it has been used in making 6,673 cigars, and some more of it has gone up in the smoke of 2,292 cigarettes. But I am afraid that you will forget that we are talking about a minute, sixty seconds of time. No? Well, then, every minute 600 pounds of wool grow in this country, and we have to dig sixty-one tons of anthracite coal. In the same time the United States mints turned out coin to the value of \$121, and forty-two acres of the public domain have been sold or given away.—*Cleveland Press.*

CIGARETTE BILLS.—The Missouri House of Representatives yesterday passed the Parker Cigarette bill and sent it to the Senate. The bill makes it a misdemeanor for any person to sell a minor under 17 years of age cigarettes or tobacco in any shape, without a written order from parents or guardian of such minor.

[For The Pacific.]

A Woman's Way.

There goes Mrs. Brown for an airing; She hasn't a chick nor a child, While I, life's burdens bearing, Am driven almost wild.

She can go and come at pleasure, With never a worry or care, While I haven't a moment's leisure To dress or go anywhere.

With the din of pots and kettles, The rush of the dust-pan and broom, The fixing and cooking of victuals, I declare I'm all out of tune.

I must rise in the morning at five To hurry a breakfast at six, Thankful that I'm alive, And able the bread to mix.

Then put up a lunch, snug and fast, For father, and Ned, and Bill; Then the little ones clamor for breakfast— Three little stomachs to fill.

I'd like to glance at the paper, But I never can get the time— Not even to chat with a neighbor, Or to read the latest rhyme.

I often feel so weary I'd like to close my eyes; Then I look at my babies cheery, And hush the thoughts that rise.

For I'd rather have the love-light Of babies in my home Than a gilded palace, polished bright, Where their footsteps never come.

And I'm thankful that I've been given These little ones to guide; To train their feet for heaven At home here by my side.

I must count up the blessings daily That come to me and mine; Then the pots and kettles will gaily Sing a more helpful chime.

I feel I have a kingdom Right by me here at home; May I be bright to welcome them When they homeward come.

May I ever have the patient grace That comes from the Father above, And show them by my happy face The keynote of life is love.

CHARLOTTE N. CUMMINS.

FOR THE CHILDREN.

Dear Young Friends: It seems a long time since I have talked with you. I have had many things to say, but older people have claimed my time, although not all of my thoughts. Often have I wished I could tell you of the visit I made last year to Hampton, Virginia. Here, as you may know, is a large school, for Negroes and Indians mostly, although there is also one Armenian, one Spaniard, one Japanese, one Chinaman, and one girl from the western coast of Africa. I mention her especially, because the other Negroes in the school come from the southern part of our own country. When I went to Hampton to teach, in 1873, there were but a few hundred Negroes and no Indians. Many of the boys lived in tents on the school grounds, while the girls roomed in barracks, left by the soldiers in the last war. The rowing on Hampton creek was our recreation from teaching, and I recollect, that once, when I called the attention of the young man at the oars, to the glorious sunset, he replied that he thought all sunsets were alike.

The school has grown very much since that time, and there are large buildings for dormitories, as well as a fine chapel and library, with cottages for teachers scattered round. The Indians are there too, one hundred and thirty-three of them, and they are learning ways of peace and righteousness. It was in the spring of 1878 that Captain Pratt brought the first Indians to Hampton. Some sixty-five or seventy of them had been confined in the Fort at St. Augustine, Florida, for three years, because they had had a big fight in the West, and killed many white people. While they were imprisoned in this Fort, Captain Pratt thought it would be a good plan for them to learn to read the Bible, and later he brought some of the younger men to the Hampton school to study. He was on his way West at that time, returning with the Indians, who had served their time out at St. Augustine, and were too old to study. I remember so well how frightened some of the Negro girls were when they heard that Indians were coming to school. And they did look rather frightful, for the older men among them still wore long hair and had their blankets wrapped around them. Everything at the school was so new to the thirteen Indian boys, who were left behind to study, and they watched everything that the students and teachers did. Some of them were still called by their Indian names, as Etahleuh, Toonkeuh, Zoonkeuh, while others called by the meaning of the Indian rather than the name itself. Of these were Roman Nose, Soaring Eagle and Bear's Heart. I have not time to tell you how hard they tried to learn, not only the English language, but what their teachers told them of the true God, so that in the spring of 1879 eleven of them united with the Bethesda church in connection with the school. Your friend, NATHALIE LORD.

The following is, says the *Australian Sunday-school Teacher*, from a boy's essay on total abstinence: "I abstain from alcoholic drinks because, if I would excel as a cricketer, Grace says, 'abstain'; as a walker, Weston says, 'abstain'; as an oarsman, Hanlan says, 'abstain'; as a swimmer, Webb says, 'abstain'; as an orator, Bright says, 'abstain'; as a missionary, Livingstone says, 'abstain'; as a doctor, Clark says, 'abstain'; as a preacher, Farrar says, 'abstain'. Asylum, prisons, and work-houses repeat the cry 'abstain!'. We have heard a long speech with less in it. No one is wicked without loss and punishment."

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THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

BY REV. HENRY W. JONES.

On the short and quiet Great Russell street, a block or two from New Oxford street, and so in the heart of London, it stands, hardly equalled in interest for the scholar by any institution on the face of the earth. The building, though not remarkable, is every way worthy of its contents. The principal front is 370 feet in length, along the whole of which, including the main building and the two wings, projecting toward the street, extends an imposing Ionic colonnade. Like St. Paul's and many another public building in the heart of a city, a good view of the whole can scarcely be had. All the more for this, one regrets the height of the stone base of the great iron-picketed front fence along the narrow street, hiding as it does the lower parts of the building.

In 1700 Sir John Cotton presented to "the country" a large number of manuscripts, etc., collected by his grandfather. In 1753 a similar collection, formed by Robert Harley, Earl of Oxford, and a library of printed books and manuscripts, with collections of antiquities, coins, etc., formed by Sir Hans Sloane, were offered to the State on terms so low as to make them practically gifts. Having been accepted they were deposited here in Montague House, which was purchased for the purpose by act of Parliament in 1753. These, known as the Cottonian, the Harleyan, and the Sloane collections, formed a nucleus, to which additions have been constantly made by gift and purchase, till it has become one of the world's wonders, illustrating by their writings, pictures, sculptures and implements, the domestic, industrial, social, political and religious life of all nations of which anything is known, as well as all branches of natural science. This statement should be understood as including the archaeological and natural history collections, which had so outgrown the spaces allotted to them here that they have been lately transferred to the South Kensington Museum.

The use of such institutions was formerly restricted to scholars and a few other favored ones, and offered to the general public only at intervals, and as if grudgingly. The tendency now in the management of public libraries, art galleries, museums, etc., is not only to make the public welcome, but to invite and urge all to make use of them for recreation and instruction, subject only to such restrictions, as are necessary to secure these ends.

Such is now the spirit of the management of the British Museum. Says the Principal Librarian in a recent report, "The different collections are exhibited not as mere objects of curiosity, or of passing interest, but as means of direct instruction." No admission fee is charged and the doors are open from 10 A.M. till nearly dark on week days throughout the year, certain departments being reserved for students two days in each week.

A visitor amid such a wilderness of objects of interests will best economize time to have some definite idea of what he will see and what not. But he will find much profit as well as interest in a leisurely walk through these fifty or more rooms. Turning to the left at the entrance, the way leads through the long reaches of the sculpture galleries, the Lycian, the Roman, the Greco-Roman, the Archaic, the Greek rooms. Here, in the next, the Ephesus room, is something on which the eyes of the great Apostle to the Gentiles rested; these fragments of the temple of Diana, which with its 127 Ionic columns of Parian marble and other glories of art, so charmed Alexander the Great that he offered (but in vain) to defray the whole cost of its reconstruction if he might put his name on its pediment as its dedicatory. In the next room are the Elgin marbles, called the finest specimens of sculpture in the world, designed by Pheidias, taken by Lord Elgin from the ruins of another of the most beautiful temples in the world, the Parthenon, and brought to England, at a cost of \$350,000, and sold to the British Government for half that sum. They are brought into prominence just now by a discussion which is going on concerning them. Mr. Frederic Harrison, in an article in *The Nineteenth Century* takes the ground that England ought to send them back. And somebody is responsible for the story that the Greek Government has made such a request, but that story the reporter probably overheard some one telling "to the marines." It is suggested as a question for debating clubs—"Ought England to return the Elgin Marbles to Athens?" A few facts are offered with it as a nest egg for material. The Parthenon had been in ruins for more than a century. Athens had been for 340 years in the possession of the Turks, who valued the Parthenon for what building stone and lime they could get out of its columns and statues. The marbles were taken by permission of the Sublime Porte, the acknowledged government of the country. A decided revival of interest in their country's antiquities and in art is manifesting itself among the modern Greeks.

A little farther on we enter the Mausoleum room, named from the fragments which it contains of the tomb of Mausolus, which gave its name to the English language; which was to Asia Minor what the Taj Mahal is to India, its most magnificent sepulcher and memorial of conjugal love; and was, like the temple at Ephesus, reckoned among the seven wonders of the world. Adjoining are the Assyrian Galleries. Here are

those sculptures, cylinders and tablets from Nineveh, obtained by Layard, Rawlinson, Smith and others, from 1847 to 1883 which have thrown such light on Assyrian and Biblical history. These terra-cotta tablets in this table-case are the celebrated ones that contain the Assyrian account of the creation of the world, and of the Noachian deluge. The tablets in these other cases are books, on portents, eclipses, diseases; books of fables; lists of books, and of kings; bills of sale, deeds, wills, etc. On tablets and slabs and the various monumental remains which fill these rooms are allusions almost numberless, illustrating Bible history and mythology. A little farther on, in the middle of the Phœnician room, is a cast of the famous Moabite stone containing the oldest known specimen of the Phœnician language, Mesha's account of his war with Omri, Ahab and Ahaziah. The story of the discovery is familiar. Mr. Klein, whose eye fell upon it, recognized it as a prize, and had succeeded in taking a paper-pulp impression from it (known as a "squeeze") before the Arabs, surmising its money value, broke it, expecting to realize more for it in pieces than entire. Most of the fragments were afterward secured, and are preserved in the Louvre. Another object like this, of deepest interest to the Bible student and the archeologist, of older celebrity and of greater value, is in the Southern Egyptian gallery, near at hand. I mean the Rosetta stone. Disappointingly small compared with its fame, as if to make amends, it is conspicuously mounted in the middle of the room. Of black basalt, its edges much broken, hardly a foot long, it contains a decree of one of the Ptolemies in three languages, the sacred and the popular languages of Egypt and Greek, thus furnishing a key, of which Champollion and Young availed themselves to decipher the hieroglyphs. Yonder, are stands of Egyptian manuscripts on papyrus; in them what other valuable discoveries and corroborations may lie waiting the student's summons, and so throughout the vast collections of small objects and great, that crowd these acres of floors, walls and cases, along which we have been moving.

One leaves such a place with many regrets in one; that his time is limited, though it were months; that, using his two eyes for all they are worth every time he goes, he never sees a thousandth part of what there was to see; that, being limited as to time and sight, he did not pay attention to certain other things instead of those he did notice; that of what he did notice which was worthiest and best, he can remember so little.

A large proportion of what is gathered here was made and valued for its artistic beauty. But most of this beauty was associated with idolatry, ministered to some debasing religion. The more exquisite the art and the more cultivated the observer, the greater the spiritual danger. Now all this is past! Nothing better illustrates the progress which Christianity has made than the strange feelings with which the Christian views these objects of classic art. The beautiful colonnades and sculptures of the temples of Diana and the Parthenon, that give us such refined pleasure, could have excited only aversion and distress in Paul's mind, such as we feel at sight of the gorgeous drinking and gambling palaces of modern vice. All that beauty was helping Satan to hold men's souls in bondage, making it harder for them to accept the simple gospel and be saved from sin through the Christ whom he offered to them.

BREVITIES.

The number of telephones now under rental by the Bell Telephone Company is 47,825, an increase of 3,885 over the same time last year.

Two Havana journalists are in jail, one for mentioning the formation of a new political party, and the other for advocating annexation to the United States.

A number of French manufacturers have warned the Government of their intention to remove their factories to places abroad if heavy import duties are imposed on raw material.

The Common Council of Cincinnati at the suggestion of the Health Officer, has passed an ordinance making it a misdemeanor to give public exhibitions of mesmerism and hypnotism.

India and Ceylon are increasing their production of tea to such an extent that it is expected they will furnish 75 per cent. of the amount consumed in Great Britain this year, China is a great sufferer from this change.

It is reported that the syndicate brewers of Chicago have decided to cease advancing money to saloon keepers to procure licenses. It is thought that in consequence of this about sixteen hundred saloons will be closed.

Different classes of substances have been found to affect the organs of taste in the following order: bitters, acids, saline substances, sweets and alkalies. The taste nerves are nearly 2,000 times as sensitive to quinine as to sugar.

The Socialists have introduced in the Reichstag a bill providing that the State shall take charge of the manufacture of drugs and medicines, claiming that it is the duty of the State since passing the workmen's insurance bill to supply remedies at cost price.

Dr. Razié Koutloiaroff-Hanum, a Mohammedan woman, born in the Crimea, has passed a brilliant examination as physician and surgeon before the college authorities at Odessa and is admitted to practice. Dr. Koutloiaroff-Hanum is the first Mohammedan female physician regularly graduated.

THOUGHTS FOR DOUBTERS.

'Tis looking downward that makes one dizzy.
— Browning.

The path of the just is as the shining light that shineth more and more unto the perfect day.—*Proverbs ix: 18.*

There will come
A sad, sad time, when in your famished soul
The cry for something more and more divine
Will rise, nor be repressed.
— Dr. Holland in "Kathrina."

Verily I say unto you, Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, he shall not enter therein.—*Mark x: 15.*

Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him. But God hath revealed them unto us by his Spirit.—*I Corinthians ii: 8, 10.*

If I lay waste and wither up with doubt,
The blessed fields of heaven where once my faith
Possessed itself serenely, safe from death;
If I deny the things past finding out,
Or if I orphan my own soul of One
That seemed a Father, and make void the place
Within where he dwelt in power and grace,
What do I gain that am myself undone?
— W. D. Howells in "Harper's Magazine."

How often our doubts about a man, his beliefs, his motives, and his methods, have been cleared up by our making his acquaintance more thoroughly. Surely, there can be no reason why this principle does not apply, at least, equally to our acquaintance with the Holy Spirit.—*Congregationalist (editorial.)*

We dwell with fears on every band,
Within a daily strife;
And spectral problems waiting stand
Before the gates of life.

The doubts we vainly seek to solve,
The truths we know are one;
The known and nameless stars revolve
Around the Central Sun.—*Whittier.*

Into the darkness comes the day,
But not with a sudden burst of splendor;
The shadows are slowly driven away
By touches of light that are faint and tender
At first, just as a flush on the Eastern sky;
The perfect day cometh by and by.

So to the dark-darkness comes the day,
The shadows of doubt and uncertainty linger,
But slowly, surely, they pass away
Under the touch of Faith's gentle finger.
Walk in the little light thou hast,
To the perfect day thou shalt come at last.
— W. N. B. in "American Messenger."

Lord, I believe; thy power I own;
Thy word I would obey;
I wonder comfortless and lone
When from thy truth I stray.

Lord, I believe; but gloomy fears
Sometimes bedim my sight;
I look to thee with prayers and tears,
And cry for strength and light.

Lord, I believe; but oft I know
My faith is cold and weak;
My weakness strengthen, and bestow
The confidence I seek.

Yes, I believe; and only thou
Canst give my soul relief;
Lord, to thy truth my spirit bow,
Help thou mine unbelief!
— J. R. Wreford.

The same old baffling questions! O my friend,
I cannot answer them. In vain I send
My soul into the dark, where never burn
The lamps of science, nor the natural light
Of Reason's sun and stars! I cannot learn
Their great and solemn meanings, nor discern
The awful secrets of the eyes which turn
Evermore on us through the day and night
With silent challenge and a dumb demand,
Proffering the riddles of the dread unknown,
Like the calm Sphinxes, with their eyes of stone,
Questioning the centuries from their veils of sand!

I have no answer for myself or thee,
Save that I learned beside my mother's knee;
All is of God that is and is to be,
And God is good. Let this suffice us still,
Resting in childlike trust upon His will,
Who moves to His great ends unthwarted by
The ill.
— Whittier.

Then fiercely we dig the fountain,
Oh! whence do the waters rise?
Then panting we climb the mountain,
Oh! are there indeed blue skies?
And we dig till the soul is weary,
Nor find the waters out!
And we climb till all is dreary,
And still the sky is a doubt.

Search not the roots of a fountain,
But drink the waters bright;
Gaze far above the mountain,
The sky may speak in light.
But if yet thou see no beauty—
If widowed, thy heart yet cries—
With thy hands go and do thy duty,
And thy work will clear thine eyes.
— George Macdonald.

[Not that one can bury himself in work, and so bury his doubts; not that it would be well for him to try to do this; but some men would find their doubts soon solved if they would take the needs of the world a little more upon their hearts and go to work for humanity.]

CONFIDENCE IN DYING.—In an address at the Midway Park Conference lately, Mr. Spurgeon gave this anecdote: "There was a child of God who was very ill and dying. It does not often happen in my observation; I have never seen it, but this did happen. Though he was an eminent Christian man, he was in the dark and could not find his God, and he knew he was dying. I do not think our Heavenly Father often puts his children to bed in the dark, but they sometimes fear that he will. This man of God said to the minister who spoke with him: 'Oh, sir, although I have trusted Christ for years, and have served him, I have lost him now. What can become of a man who dies feeling that God has deserted him?' The minister said: 'What did become of that man who died saying, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" Is He not on the highest throne of glory even now?' The man's mind changed in a moment, and he began to say, as the Lord Jesus Christ did after that sentence, 'Father, into thy hand I commend my spirit'; and he breathed out his spirit and died in peace."

Miscellany.

Obscure Martyrs.

"The world knows nothing of its greatest men."
They have no place in storied page,
No rest in marble shrine;
They are passed and gone with a perished age,
They died and "made no sign."
But work that shall find its wages yet,
And deeds that their God did not forget,
Done for their love divine—
These were their mourners, and these shall be
The crowns of their immortality.

Oh! seek them not where sleep the dead;
Ye shall not find their trace;
No graven stone is at their head,
No green grass hides their face;
But sad and unseen is their silent grave—
It may be the sand or the deep-sea wave,
Or a lonely desert place;
For they needed no prayers and no mourning
bell—
They were tombed in true hearts that knew
them well.

They healed sick hearts till theirs were broken,
And dried sad eyes till theirs were lost;
We shall know at last by a certain token
How they fought and fell in the fight.
Salt tears of sorrow unhealed,
Passionate cries unchronicled,
And silent strifes for the right—
Angels shall count them, and earth shall sigh
That she left her best children to battle and die.
— Sir Edwin Arnold.

HOW THEY TALKED AFTER CHURCH.

"How do you like him?" The speaker was a tall, slight man with a sharply-cut face, at once sensitive and powerful. His companion was of a coarser type, short and stout, with a good-natured, but thoroughly wide-awake look, evidently a shrewd, driving man of business.

They were part of a stream of people which was pouring out of the doors of an uptown church, and they had been listening to a well-known preacher.

"How do you like him?" "Don't like him at all," was the curt reply. The questioner turned upon him a half-amused look, as he quietly asked, "Why not?" "Cold as an icicle! All intellect! Too much work to follow him! Doesn't touch your feelings at all. Now I like Dr. — That man will make you cry even when he gives out a notice. He doesn't know a quarter as much as this one, but he gets hold of you, somehow. When he gets through—well, you don't know exactly what he has been preaching about, but you feel warmed all through."

The two men were evidently close friends, and the first speaker replied with a plainness which assumed a perfect mutual understanding, and with a touch of warmth in his tone: "Look here! Do you know what you are talking about? Didn't follow him! Do you know what you have thrown away this morning? You may hear a sermon like that once in a year or two, not often, unless you go to hear that man often. I shall live on that sermon for the next six months. If I can live on the sermon for the rest of my life, so much the better for me."

The stout man looked up at his companion with wide-opened eyes, and the other went on: "Cold as an icicle! My poor fellow, you have a keen enough eye for men in general. Is it possible that you don't know the difference between earnestness and gush. Do you mean to tell me that you didn't see that that man was in *dead earnest*, and was working at his highest power to drive his conviction into you and me? Come! You know the difference between a bed of anthracite on fire from the bottom all the way up and burning without sputter, and a quick blaze of shavings. Feeling! That sermon was full of it, as the man is full of it. Cold as an icicle! You haven't seen him as I have at the bedside of the sick poor, and by the dying in the hospital wards. Very quiet, certainly; but he is there, and they hold on to his hand as long as their fingers can close. I saw him pick up a poor little beggar that fell in the street yesterday, and wipe away the tears from his dirty face with a very nice-looking pocket handkerchief. No, he isn't popular; but I happen to know how many careworn, sorrowful, doubting men and women go to his study and tell him what they will tell nobody else, and go away comforted. Do you know that one of the most brilliant preachers in America told me, not a week ago, that he had just been traveling away up in New England, and had found this man's books lying on the farmhouse tables beside the Bible? Do you know that one little book of his has brought hundreds of thousands to believe in Christ?"

The stout man smiled feebly and in a forced kind of way, and said nothing, having nothing just then to say; and coming at this moment opposite his own front door, he invited his friend to come in, which he did without hesitation. Evidently, he had not said his say out. They were hardly seated when he opened again.

"You're off the track, and the trouble lies a good deal deeper than your dissatisfaction with this particular preacher. There are hundreds just like you, and you all have a radically wrong idea of the church service and of the pulpit in particular. You don't go to church for the right thing. To come down to the hard-pan of the matter, you go to church to be *entertained*; and if you are not entertained you think yourselves defrauded, and lay the blame on the preacher, and berate him as uninteresting. You reason that it is his business to interest you, and, consequently, that if he fails he does not understand his business. It does not seem to occur to you that there are two parties to that matter, and that *you* as well as the preacher have something to do with your being inter-

ested. Why, I watched you the other night when Dr. — was discussing the McKinley Bill. Dr. —, as you know, is not a first-class speaker, and is likely to be a little tedious when he has mounted his hobby. His sentences come out with rough edges; but he had something to say, and you never took your eyes off him until he sat down. The reason was that you were in some doubt as to how that bill bore upon your own business, and you were very much in earnest to know the truth about it, and so you brought your interest along with you.

"Now, you don't go to church in that way. You are not hungry for the truth; your mind has not been occupying itself with the bearing of this or that part of the Bible on your life. You bring no interest with you, and you look to the minister and the sermon to create it. You sit there as so much dead weight, expecting the minister to take you up bodily and lift you into a sphere where you will be interested and entertained and moved for an hour. Why, my friend, you can't kindle a fire when your wood is wet. The wood has something to do as well as the fire. The fire must have something to feed on. The minister has a solemn responsibility for *preaching* the word, but you seem to forget that you have a no less solemn responsibility for *hearing* it. Did you ever observe how much emphasis Christ laid upon the *hearer*? The reason why the good seed was picked up by the birds, withered, choked, was that there was something wrong about the *soil*. Take heed how ye *hear*; whosoever hath to him shall be given."—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

CO-EDUCATION IN SWISS UNIVERSITIES.

The Swiss universities are broad and liberal in the highest degree. Statutes are passed in their senate with simple reference to elevation of character and usefulness, and with no apparent thought of the sexes as separate. These statutes, when presented in council, are treated in the same spirit, and the question as to the advisability of co-education came first in every university after woman had already entered and studied. The original statutes excluded no one, and consequently when—after generally a remarkably long time—women applied for admission, their names were taken exactly as those of their brothers were taken; they took their places among these, and worked there undisturbed until some other consideration brought the question forward. It is difficult to see why it should have been so long after the establishment of the universities before women asked to work in them. In Zurich it was thirty-one years, in Berne thirty-eight, while Basle was disturbed first last year by the question. Lausanne, however, which begins its career as a university this autumn, begins with women students. In Zurich and Berne it may have been the development of the universities from schools originally founded for the aid of callings as yet unthought of for women which caused the indifference on the part of women toward them. However that may be, when in the sixties women applied for admission in Zurich—the first one was a foreigner—no question was raised; she entered and took her degree. Ten years later, when so many, chiefly Russians, came with insufficient preparation, a new law was passed regulating the admission of "students" into the university, and formally recognizing woman.—*Flora Bridges in the Popular Science Monthly.*

INDIAN HUMOR.

The Indian has a keen appreciation of humor, and is like a child in his mirthfulness. No orator can see the weak points in his adversary's armor, or silence a foolish speaker, more quickly.

Old Shah-bah-skong, the head chief of Mille Lac, brought all his warriors to defend Ft. Ripley in 1862. The Secretary of the Interior and the government and legislature of Minnesota promised these Indians that, for this act of bravery, they should have the special care of the government and never be removed. A few years later, a special agent was sent from Washington, to ask the Ojibwas to cede their lands and to remove to a country north of Leech lake. The agent asked my help. I said: "I know that country. I have camped on it. It is the most worthless strip of land in Minnesota. The Indians are not fools. Don't attempt this folly. You will surely come to grief." He called the Indians in council and said: "My red brothers, your great father has heard how you have been wronged. He said, 'I will send them an honest man.' He looked in the north, the south, the east, and the west. When he saw me he said: 'This is the honest man whom I will send to the red children.' Brothers, look at me! The winds of fifty-five years have blown over my head and silvered it with gray, and in all that time I have never done wrong to any man. As your friend I ask you to sign this treaty."

Old Shah-bah-skong sprang to his feet and said: "My friend, look at me! The winds of more than fifty winters have blown over my head and silvered it with gray, but they have not blown my brains away."

The council was ended.—*Correspondence in North American Review.*

The proprietor of a Philadelphia cigar store has posted a sign in his place forbidding smoking. That man better go out of the business, and it is a miserable, bad business anyway.

The older I grow—and now I stand on the brink of eternity—the more comes back to me that sentence in the catechism which I learned when a child, and the fuller and deeper its meaning becomes: "What is the chief end of man? To glorify God and enjoy Him forever."—*Carlyle.*

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Is an effective remedy, as numerous testimonials conclusively prove. "For two years I was a constant sufferer from dyspepsia and liver complaint. I doctored a long time and the medicines prescribed, in nearly every case, only aggravated the disease. An apothecary advised me to use Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I did so, and was cured at a cost of \$5. Since that time I have been my family medicine, and sickness has become a stranger to our household. I believe it to be the best medicine on earth."—*R. F. McNulty, Hackman, 29 Summer st., Lowell, Mass.*

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Is a certain cure, when the complaint originates in impoverished blood. "I was a great sufferer from a low condition of the blood and general debility, becoming finally, so reduced that I was unfit for work. Nothing that I did for the complaint helped me so much as Ayer's Sarsaparilla, a few bottles of which restored me to health and strength. I take every opportunity to recommend this medicine in similar cases."—*C. E. Vick, 14 E. Main st., Chillicothe, Ohio.*

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Any of the above books will make handsome Christmas and Birthday presents, and will be mailed postpaid on receipt of price. We have sent samples to the editor of this paper who will vouch for their excellence.

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FROM PORTLAND, OREGON.

What shall be done about leadership in church singing? This is a question requiring most serious consideration, and the writer is aware that it is much easier asked than answered. The singing in church ought to be as much a part of the worship as any other part of the service. If the choir, either a single or double quartet, as the case may be, is composed of earnest Christians, there can be no reasonable doubt about the worshipfulness of the public exercises. As the average choir is constituted, however, composed as it is of heterogeneous material, an investigation of the facts, it is feared, would reveal altogether a different state of affairs. Look at it from any standpoint you please, after all, it is believed that the conviction must come home to every thoughtful person that as an aid to true and exalted worship the song service rendered by many choirs is not any more effective than would be the preaching of a sermon by a person who was known to be an unbeliever. If those in each church having the matter of music in charge could arrange so that the choir would be entirely composed of converted persons, a long step in advance of the present condition of things would be made. Then if some arrangement could be effected whereby a choir might receive instructions in behavior as well as in music, good results would without doubt flow therefrom; while it is doubtless true that a large proportion of choirs are above reproach in the matter of good breeding, still, glaring cases of the want of it, even among those from whom one might expect better things, are frequently heard of. One case is called to mind at this moment, which occurred within the past few weeks not a thousand miles from Portland. On the particular Sabbath in question the pastor was absent, having gone into the country a few miles to assist in the dedication of a church. In his absence, the pulpit was occupied by a young man of great worth, and a speaker of much more than ordinary ability. After the preliminary services were ended, and he was about to begin his discourse, to his utter consternation, the soprano spoke in a loud and penetrating whisper, "Now see the young fellow spread his wings!" Such rudeness is entirely without excuse.

In common with all parts of our country, we mourn the sudden death of Hon. William Windom, Secretary of the U. S. Treasury, just in the zenith of his usefulness, not only so far as public affairs were concerned, but likewise to the cause of Christianity, of which for many years he was a consistent professor. The writer will never forget the brief but earnest address he gave to the Sunday-school of the First church in this city, a number of years ago, when he remained here over Sunday, and was the guest of our beloved Dr. Atkinson. At that time he was a Senator from Minnesota. His remarks were simple, yet eloquent and instructive, and revealed a heart at peace with God, and rich in the experimental knowledge of a Saviour, which it is the privilege of every Christian to possess.

The Executive Committee and officers of the State Sunday-school Association held a meeting last Friday in this city. After transacting routine business, it was decided to hold the next convention on May 19th, 20th, and 21st, at Eugene. An excellent programme was arranged, and the best speakers in this department of work in this State will be secured to be in attendance and take part in the work of the Convention.

Snow has fallen almost all this day. For two weeks past the weather has been damp and chilly, with more or less of rain and snow, some days as much as an inch of the latter falling and carpeting the ground. This is seasonable and as it should be. It gives certain promise of sure crops of the cereals and fruits.

Of all the Legislative farces that ever had an existence in this State, the most glaring closed its biennial session of forty days yesterday morning. Many measures of great importance to the well-being of the State, but few of them became laws. One of the most astounding cases of a failure to do something was the refusal to make an appropriation to defray expenses of the Columbian Fair in 1893. Public sentiment favored the sum of \$250,000. A bill was introduced appropriating \$50,000. Even that failed of passage. It makes one ashamed of his State. Words are too feeble to do the subject justice. The whole trouble lay in the fact of an irreconcilable war between two factions in the Republican party. Each determined the other should gain no advantage; and so the disgraceful spectacle is presented of the interests of an entire State being made subordinate to those of two miserably selfish and arrogant politicians, both residents of Portland, one a Jew, and the other said in the pa-

pers of the city to be an ex-convict. One good thing did happen, however, and that was the passage of the Australian ballot bill. That now is a law, and it may help in the regeneration of the State, which must soon follow.
February 22.

A great deal is heard from the pulpit, the press and in private conversation, about giving, and much stress is laid upon setting apart a tenth of one's income for the Lord's work. While it is better to consecrate that much of one's earnings to building up the Master's kingdom than nothing at all, yet, if the New Testament idea—and hence the Christian—that of giving as the Lord has prospered us, could be carried out, there would be a marked advance in the cause of redeeming the world. Christian people must get upon the high plane of proportionate giving if the good is accomplished that ought to be. The tithe idea, good as it was in the days of the children of Israel, comes far short of the demands of the present time, and, furthermore, it is unequal and unjust in its application. A man with an income of \$1,500 a year, who sets apart \$150 during that time for the Lord, gives a great deal more in proportion than the one who gives \$1,000 out of an income of \$10,000. The idea of a stewardship, and of rendering an account unto God therefore, must become the dominant force in promoting all the Christian activities if progress in the world's evangelization ever becomes what it ought to be. All Christian teaching should be in this direction, and especially should this idea be promulgated by all lay workers. They can do this better than ministers, because the latter, in the minds of some, might be charged with being parties in interest. After all, if all laymen gave as much in proportion to their ability as the average minister, the treasuries of our churches and benevolent societies would be much better filled than they are now.

The work at Albany is in a good state of progress, and the outlook very hopeful. The interest is increasing all the time. Eight persons will unite today on confession of faith. The church is united.

The Willamette Association will meet with the East Portland church on Tuesday and Wednesday, April 21st and 22d. Rev. C. L. Corwin of Salem is chairman of the Committee of Arrangements. Every effort will be put forth to have a good meeting, and an interesting programme is being prepared.

Pastor Bates of the Eugene church is arranging for a course of five lectures to be given for the benefit of the church. Rev. P. S. Knight, Mr. H. A. Shorey and Rev. H. V. Rominger, are among the lecturers.

Here is a nut for Brother E. S. Williams to crack. From what is believed to be reliable sources, the information is obtained that during the year 1890 grants were given by the Congregational Union of \$7,000 to Washington, over \$4,000 to California, and nothing to Oregon. How is this? It looks on the surface as if there was favoritism somewhere. I would not lay a straw in the way of having the work pushed to the utmost in Washington and California, and glory in the progress that is making in both States. Yet, after all, notwithstanding the ultra conservatism which prevails in this State, much good work is being done, and there is a general advance all along the line. Furthermore, so far as natural resources and the possibility of their development is concerned, Oregon will not suffer at all by comparison with either State. The contrary opinion prevails in some localities the writer is well aware; but if those who doubt will candidly and carefully investigate the merits of the States mentioned, in all respects, I am sure that Oregon will not be neglected hereafter. Whatever the cause of this apparent discrimination, it certainly would be some satisfaction if we could know something about it.

March 1, 1891. GEO. H. HIMES.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 25, 1891.

The United States Senate is our highest legislative body, and by many it is considered the ablest body of the kind in existence; therefore it is only natural that the great mass of people who are cognizant of the rapid strides that moral reform of all sorts is making throughout this Christian nation, should expect the members of the Senate to be fully abreast of the front rank of the reform army, if not among its leaders.

These things occurred to me when I saw a vote taken upon an amendment offered by Senator Hoar to a bill reported from the District of Columbia committee, prohibiting pool-selling or book-making in the cities of Washington and Georgetown, or within one mile of the boundaries of these cities. Mr. Hoar's amendment was simply to prohibit this species of gambling in the entire District of Columbia. It will be remem-

bered that the President vetoed a bill prohibiting pool-selling, because it excepted the race-course. I was shocked, as doubtless were others, to hear the chairman of the committee (Mr. Ingalls) explain that the bill was "an attempt on the part of the committee which framed it to adjust the topography of the District to the conscience of the executive"; but still more so when Mr. Hoar's very desirable amendment was defeated by a vote of 39 to 6. Think of it, only 6 senators willing to place themselves on record as opposed to this most pernicious form of gambling! This is conclusive evidence, to my mind, that the Senate chamber is an inviting field for zealous missionaries. After defeating the amendment, the original bill was passed by the Senate, but it is doubtful whether there will be time for it to be acted upon by the House.

Yesterday's session of the Woman's National Council, which is in session here this week, was devoted entirely to temperance work and woman's connection therewith. Among the most prominent speakers were Mrs. J. Ellen Foster, the representative of the Non-Partisan W. C. T. U.; Mrs. Mary T. Lathrop, representing the National W. C. T. U.; Mrs. Matilda B. Carse, who was the leader in the movement to erect a woman's temple in Chicago, which is to be completed before the World's Fair, a beautiful feature of which, as she described it, is "to be a memorial hall, whence the incense of prayer will rise every day to heaven for the suppression of the liquor curse of this country—the Westminster Abbey of the temperance cause"; Mrs. Lease of Kansas; Mrs. Mary Allen West, editor of the *Union Signal*; Mrs. James B. Hobbs of Chicago, and Mrs. Bessie Starr Keefe, representing the Right Worthy Grand Lodge of Good Templars of the World.

Forty-six organizations are represented in the Council, including the following, which have just been admitted to membership: The Ladies' Health Protective Association of New York City; Woman's Relief Corps; the Woman's Missionary Society of the Reformed Church of the United States; the Ladies' Physiological Institute, of Boston; Universal Peace Union, and the Woman's Missionary Society of the Cumberland (Md.) Presbyterian church. The meetings of the Council, which began Sunday and have been held twice each day, have been largely attended, and the greatest interest has been manifested in them.

The Congressional Temperance Society celebrated its fifty-seventh anniversary by holding a public meeting Sunday evening, which was presided over by Representative Dingley, of Maine. Among the speakers was ex-Congressman Smalls, a colored man from South Carolina, who said that he had joined the Society at the request of two ladies, and not because he personally needed to take the pledge, for he had never taken a drink of liquor, smoked a cigar, or chewed a piece of tobacco in his life. Good for him!

How many members of the present Congress do you suppose are members of this Society? To their shame be it written there are only forty, less than ten per cent. of the total membership of the House and Senate, which is 420. If the session was not so near at hand, I would suggest a special Congressional temperance crusade, to be conducted by a special committee composed of the most vigorous and successful temperance workers in the country.

The foreign custom of Sunday afternoon receptions and Sunday night "at homes" is growing in Washington society with a rapidity that is positively alarming to good Christian men and women, who believe in keeping the Sabbath day holy. Invitations to these entertainments—for that's what they are, call them what they please—are declined by many good people to whom they are sent. But shouldn't a Christian man or woman receiving such an invitation do more than merely to decline its acceptance? I think that they should avail themselves of every method at their disposal to let the public know that they disapprove of this Sabbath desecration; but I am afraid—in fact, I know—that they don't. The reason they give is that they do not wish to offend their social friends who are not Christians. They forget their Master's words—"He that is not for me is against me."

Senator Wilson of Maryland died here last night, of heart disease. He was in his seat last Saturday.

DIED.

BLAKE.—Died, at Condon, Or., February 16, 1891, Maude May, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John W. Blake.

Maude was born at Chico, Cal., April 4, 1879. She was a promising girl, the hope of her parents, who were fond and indulgent. She will be missed in her Sunday-school as well as in the family circle. She has only preceded us in crossing the river; we shall meet again. The funeral services were conducted by the writer. A large number of friends followed the mortal remains to its resting-place to wait the call at the last day.
E. D. HOWELLS, Pastor.

[Chico and Red Bluff papers please copy.]

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Again death has entered the highest governmental circles at Washington; this time taking George Hearst, one of our California Senators, and a many-times millionaire. He has been sick for some time, and his death was expected. Before adjournment our Legislature will be called upon to elect a successor. Of course, he will be a Republican. It is probably too much to expect that he will be such a man as temperance and Christian men would love to see in that high position.

The Executive of the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle announce that the next lecture of the popular series under their management will be given by Professor Barnard of Lick Observatory at First Baptist church, on Friday, March 6, 1891; subject, "Some Recent Discoveries in Astronomy," illustrated with stereopticon. The public is invited. The lectures are free.

Publishers' Department

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For further information, apply at the office of the Los Guilicos Olive Company, rooms 69, 70 and 71, Chronicle Building, San Francisco.

ELY'S CREAM BALM.

When I began using Ely's Cream Balm my catarrh was so bad I had headache the whole time, and discharged a large amount of filthy matter. That has almost entirely disappeared, and I have not had headache since. J. H. Sommers, Stephyne, Conn.

WANTED.

A school-girl, about 14 years old, to assist in light housework in small American family, before and after school. She will be well cared for, sent regularly to public school, and receive \$4 per month. Address, stating age, etc., "R. M., East Oakland P. O."

Responsible gentleman, who can furnish best references, is developing a section of first-quality vine and fruit land. Soil and water-irrigation unexcelled in California. Realizing the fact that a large tract can be much more economically handled, he solicits correspondence with those having a moderate amount to invest, and who would like to take an interest in an honestly and prudently managed enterprise with him, to the extent of planting five acres and upwards. Payments may be made on instalments extending over a term of years. No safer or more remunerative investment has ever been placed upon the market for persons of moderate means, who do not wish to reside permanently upon their land; while the pecuniary results are surprisingly large, as compared with the ordinary income from invested funds. Full particulars on application to A. H. Ten Broeck, Esq., office of this paper.

The March Century has a third installment of the famous Talleyrand Memoirs. The California series takes up the Fremont explorations. Professor Royce of Harvard College contributes some new documents on the Bear Flag affair. "General Crook in the Indian Country" is by Captain John G. Bourke. The second article on "The Anglo-Saxon in the Southern Hemisphere" is devoted to Australian cities. Dr. Eggleston's serial, "The Faith Doctor," is continued.

The best test of the value of *St. Nicholas* is to take a copy home with you, leave it with the children who can read, and after a reasonable time call upon them for their verdict as to whether regular visits of the periodical would fill an aching void. But as a quick test, open the March number at random, and read a page anywhere.

"All signs fall"—except pimples and blotches. These never fail to indicate an impure condition of the blood, which may be thoroughly cleansed and renewed by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. The most efficacious and economical of blood-purifiers.

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NOTICE.—The annual meeting of the stockholders of Blake, Moffitt & Towne will be held at the Company's office, No. 516 Sacramento street, San Francisco, on Monday, March 16, 1891, at 11 A. M., for the election of a Board of Directors for the ensuing year, and for the transaction of such other business as may be brought before the meeting.
A. G. TOWNE, Secretary.
San Francisco, March 2, 1891.

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